THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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BITTERLY WRONGED;

Or,

LURED TO THE FOOTLIGHTS.

By E. BURKE COLLINS,

Author of "Darke House Mystery," "A Fallen Star," "The Rajah's Jewels," "A Dangerous Game," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

GONE!

Lewis Russell came bounding up the two long flights of stairs that led to the pretty four-room flat which he called home, late one crisp November afternoon. Tall, brown-eyed and brown-haired, he was handsome and winning; an artist by profession, and had his studio connected with his neat little flat, where he had lately brought home his bride—one of the most beautiful women imaginable.

There was a thoughtful look in his dark eyes, and a tinge of sadness on his face, as he hastened upstairs; then, the moustached lips parted with a sweet smile, as some tender memory touched his heart. He was thinking of his wife; the burden of his song was always, "Clarice, Clarice!" At the head of the last flight of stairs he came to a halt. Over the door was the legend, in black and gold, "Lewis Russell—Artist."

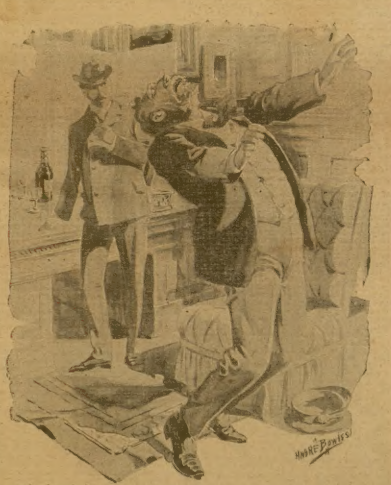
He glanced at the name, and the bright look died out of his face; it was the last look of happiness that illuminated that face for many a long day. Somehow, there was a strange, dark shadow on his heart as he opened the door and entered. Four rooms, with a studio adjoining. Not a very extensive establishment; but it was neat and dainty; there were evidences of woman's occupation in the tiny, blue silk-lined work basket upon a carved stand; a bouquet of bright-hued autumn leaves in a long-stemmed, crystal glass, a lace handkerchief dropped upon the soft, thick carpet, and over all a faint, elusive perfume, which hovered in the atmosphere, and wafted itself faintly to the senses. Lewis Russell smiled at these evidences of his wife's proximity.

"Clarice!" he called, softly, "I've good news for you, dear. My picture will be on exhibition, at the grand show! Aren't you glad, darling? Why, where are you, Clarice?"

He pushed open the door which led into the sleeping room, and which was standing slightly ajar. It was empty; there was a litter of small articles scattered about, as there would be, if one were packing; but what nonsense, he thought, as the idea occurred to him. But there was no trace of the beautiful Clarice Russell. He had been away several days, and this was his welcome home.

With a white, set face, and eyes full of smouldering wrath, Lewis Russell tore into the other two rooms. Only a tiny dining room, flanked by a tinier kitchen; these, with a miniature bath room, made up the whole establishment—save the studio, as referred to. It did not take long to search them thoroughly, but there was no one there.

White and troubled was Lewis Russell's face when that search was ended. He came out into the pretty sitting room once more, and was about to throw himself into an easy chair, when all at once his eyes fell on a letter. He snatched it up, and saw that it was addressed to himself, and in the handwriting of his wife. With trembling fingers he tore it open, and a cry of suffering escaped his lips. This was the husband's greeting home from his wife, the woman who only a few short months before, had vowed to cleave only unto him, "until death should them part."



"I cant get my bearings, what is the matter with my head."

"Dear Lewis: I have accepted an offer to appear upon the stage in Mr. Gilbert Luttrell's new spectacular drama, 'A Gilded Butterfly,' which position he has offered me at a large salary—$50 per week. It is large to me, anyway, who never have any money of my own. I knew that you would object, and so I decided not to tell you all the time when the arrangements were pending. But today Mr. Luttrell called and insisted upon my going at once. So I signed the contract, packed my trunks, and am off for New York, in fifteen minutes. Quick work—eh? Don't be angry with me, Lewis? You know I am capable of better things than keeping house with you, in a four-room flat; and now the opportunity has arrived, I feel that I must accept it, or I may never have another. I am going to make a lot of money and then you shall join me; don't say no! But, whether you consent or not, the deed is done, the contract signed, and I mean to abide by it. Get Barbara Morris to look after the rooms; she will do it. I must make haste, for there is the carriage now to take me to the depot. Try and forgive me, Lewis, and anyway, I could never be happy or contented living in poverty. I have had that to contend with all my life, and I have come to the end of my patience and endurance. If you are angry with me, Lewis, I can't help it. One must live out one's real nature; and I was not born to starve in a garret.

"Clarice."

He read it, every word, and the silence of death settled down upon the pretty room, filled with souvenirs of her presence. The moments ticked away, the busy hands of the clock seemed to delight in the flight of time, pointing it off in ceaseless routine. At last the man lifted his head, and his dark, stormy eyes flashed through a mist of tears. He arose to his feet, slowly, like one suddenly grown old.

"And this is the end!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "For this delusion I have made a shipwreck of my life, and brought sorrow and despair upon my heart. She shall never come back to me, never! I do not curse her; she will make her own punishment; but I ignore her very existence, henceforth, and she passes out of my life forever!"

He stooped and picked up the tiny cobweb handkerchief redolent of the same faint perfume that he remembered so well; she used no other, and once when they were nearly out of money, he had gone without a much needed supply of artist's materials, to procure her the dainty and expensive extract. He thought of it now, and his lip curled with bitter scorn.

"She is unworthy!" he cried, "unworthy my unselfishness, or aught but my scorn!" He tossed the bit of cambric and lace upon the bed of coals that smouldered in the little grate. An upward flash and every vestige of it had disappeared. He turned to the mantel; a photograph upon a gilded easel stood there; Clarice's flower-like face smiling out from the midst of a bank of clouds. Her husband seized it, and with only a fleeting glance it followed the handkerchief.

"I wish I could blot her face from my memory as readily," he exclaimed, as only a heap of feathery ashes remained to show that it had ever existed. Then, with a slow, lingering glance around and a look of exquisite suffering upon his face, Lewis Russell left the room, and locking the door placed the key in his pocket. It was like locking the door of a tomb, wherein lay buried his all on earth—his last hope.

On the way down stairs, he met a girl coming up the staircase; a sweet-faced girl, with golden hair and soft, brown eyes. She was dressed plainly but neatly, in a dark serge gown and white apron; she paused in embarrassed silence, as she met the young man.

"Mr. Russell," she began, her voice trembling and low, "you have been upstairs? I—we—mamma and I—hoped to have seen you when you passed our door. Mamma thought you would bear it better if someone kindly—" her voice broke and silence fell. "Forgive me," she added, hastily, "I fear I am very awkward."

He took her small hand in his. Barbara Morris and her mother occupied a tiny suite of rooms below; her father, who was a sea captain — Captain Jack Morris — was away on a voyage to China, on his good ship, "Aspinwall." Barbara was like a modest wild flower, fair and sweet and dainty. And she was good and true and pure. Utterly unlike the gaudy blossom whom Lewis Russell had called wife, and who only lived in the sunlight of her own beauty. He bowed his head lowly over the little hand he held; somehow it seemed to him as though that little hand was an anchor to which to cling.

"I thank you for your thoughtfulness, Miss Barbara," the stricken man said, gently. And then he was gone, and Barbara was left alone, standing where he had left her, her brown eyes following the graceful figure of the artist until it had disappeared from view. Then she sighed profoundly.

"Poor fellow!" she exclaimed, softly; "he is perfectly heartbroken! I knew he would be—he loved her so! But, I declare, I do not believe Clarice Russell ever loved her husband!"

And then she heard her mother's voice calling her, and made haste to join her. A very neat and cheerful suite of apartments were those occupied by the Morrises, on the first floor. Barbara speedily recounted to her mother—a pale-faced, delicate-looking woman—the particulars of her interview with Lewis Russell. Mrs. Morris listened with tears in her kindly eyes.

"Poor boy!" she cried, sympathetically, "my heart aches for him. But, Barbara, dear, I have a letter from your father; he is about to sail for home. Oh, isn't that good news?"

"The best possible," returned Barbara, smiling. "Dear old dad! If he could only remain at home with us hereafter! Wouldn't that be grand, mamma?" Mrs. Morris sighed.

"It would, indeed. And, Barbara, they have taken several prizes and your father is entitled to a large share of prize money; that together with a large proportion of his salary, makes a neat sum; and your father writes that he is going to put it all out at interest, and retire from a sea-faring life. He is getting old and begins to think that it is time he settled down by his own fireside."

"Thank God!" cried Barbara, fervently.

"And, Barbara," went on her mother, with moist eyes, "his letter was delayed so long on the way, that I should not be surprised to see him at any time. In fact, dear—there! I've been trying to prepare you; your father——"

Barbara broke away from her detaining grasp and flung open the door of their neat sitting room. A big, bluff, hearty-looking man with iron-gray hair and bronzed face turned with a cry of joy and caught the girl's slim figure in his embrace. Barbara buried her face in his thick, furry coat and sobbed for very joy.

"Oh, dadda! dear dadda!" she cried. "I'm so glad! So very glad and happy; it seems as though I should go wild."

And this was the home-coming of Captain Jack Morris of the good ship "Aspinwall."

CHAPTER II.

"THE GILDED BUTTERFLY."

Gilbert Luttrell sat alone in his office, that very evening, when Clarice Russell's cruel letter crashed down upon the heart of the noble man she had so deeply wronged, and crushed it very much beneath its weight. Luttrell was a dark, handsome man, of a style very much like a stage brigand; and his heart was no purer than that of any other robber. Possessed of great wealth, he was a pampered trifler, living for nothing but his own selfish gratification, no matter how many innocent lives he wrecked, or how many broken hearts lay at his door.

His office was over the —— bank, of which he was a director, and ostensible manager; it looked well for him to stand high, as one who had charge of other people's money, but had the public any knowledge of his secret and inner wickedness, they would have considered their money safer to lie in the street, than in this man's coffers.

He sat there, busily writing, but after a time, he laid down his pen, and an uneasy expression stole over his features. He was evidently ill at ease; if he had possessed a conscience, he would have fancied that it was troubling him, for some reason or other.

"I am afraid I have made a bold move," he muttered, sharply, "to persuade the wife to leave her husband, is considered a serious matter nowadays, as though any woman caring for her husband, could be induced to leave him, unless he ill-treated her. But, I swear, I could not resist her. She is the daintiest bit of painted porcelain I have seen this many a day. I have long had my eye on her. Of course, I had to begin by engaging her for the new spectacular play, and, by George! she'll score the greatest hit New York has ever witnessed, and that's saying something. And, if I cannot have the woman I want, why, I may as well fall in love with Clarice Russell. The woman I want! Ah, she does not suspect how much I want her—sweet little Barbara Morris. She can't hold a candle to Clarice for beauty, but—but—well, if I had known and loved such a girl, years ago, I might not now be the conscienceless creature that I am. Heighho!"

He took up his pen once more, but just at that moment there came the sound of a light rap at the door. A rustle of silks, the click of high heels, and some one flitted in, bringing a faint waft of perfume. Once more the pen was lain aside, and Gilbert Luttrell started to his feet. A false smile was upon his lips, he held out his hand, upon one finger of which there gleamed a diamond worth a fortune.

"Ah, my butterfly!" he smiled, as Clarice Russell flitted into the room, light and graceful as a sunbeam. "How lovely you are!" he added, "ah, you will break hearts innumerable, when once you are 'on the boards.' And, what can I do to serve you, ma belle?"

Clarice had the good grace to blush, although it was no easy achievement. She sank into the easy chair he wheeled toward her, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I want you to secure me a maid," she returned with as much assurance as though she had been accustomed to the services of a maid all her life. Gilbert Luttrell smiled in amusement.

"You shall have one," he returned. "And we shall be off for New York tomorrow, for sure."

"If only we had not missed that train this afternoon," she cried, pettishly. "I tell you, Gilbert, the sooner I get away from this place, the better for me. Lewis will certainly kill me, if he finds me."

The man's dark cheek grew red.

"He knows where to find me," he returned. "I rather fancy, Clarice, that he feels like letting you severely alone."

She arose from her soft heap of cushions. Her face had grown pale and there was a frightened look in her beautiful eyes.

"He will kill me," she repeated, in a trembling voice. "I know him better than you do. Oh, I wish we were away from here. I wish we were away!"

But he unfolded before her mental gaze the bright prospect before her on the stage; the brilliant success she was bound to be, as an actress. And, at last, the pale face grew bright once more, with the gay vision of the future, and the embryo actress comforted herself as she saw before her the glittering triumphs of her chosen career.

An actress! How many women upon the stage today have the slightest claim to real talent? Truly, three-fourths of the so-called actresses are possessed to no claim to public favor, save a pretty face, an audacious manner, gorgeous costumes, and a certain amount of chic—which often develops into downright vulgarity—and which may please a small part of the theater-going public for a time, but the public worth pleasing feel only weariness and disgust.

But this woman's brazen audacity was unsurpassed; she believed firmly in her own beauty and its effect upon the general public. She realized that a large proportion of theater-goers, who go only to be amused, never instructed, are led like a flock of sheep; yet they set the fashion, and "one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

Gilbert Luttrell arose and conducted Clarice to her waiting carriage; he then got in and seated himself beside her.

"I must see that you get home in safety," he said, in explanation. So they were driven rapidly to the quiet, highly respectable quarters which Clarice had engaged for the present, and having dismissed the carriage, Luttrell accompanied her to her private sitting room. Here they passed a very quiet and pleasant evening. Luttrell treated her with utmost respect outwardly. The time was not ripe for him to show his true colors, and beautiful Clarice Russell was silly enough to believe that he, although infatuated with her beauty, felt respect and esteem for her in his heart. Let all women bear this truth in mind—no man living can respect a woman who by her unsexed and reckless conduct casts aside that fine instinct of delicacy which places a true woman on a pedestal before mankind. No man can respect or care for truly the woman who boldly oversteps the dividing line between the sexes, no matter what her excuse may be.

At ten o'clock Gilbert Luttrell took his departure, with a thorough understanding of the program for tomorrow. They must be no delay this time, no mistake. If they did not leave for New York it would be the worse for them.

He stood at the door of Clarice's sitting room and held her white hand a great deal longer than was necessary, his deep, dark eyes fixed intently upon her beautiful face, as though studying its perfect contour and dainty wild rose coloring. He lifted the soft hand to his lips at last, ere he said good-by.

"Tomorrow morning, at ten sharp," he said at length, gazing down into the drooping eyes. "Don't fail me, Clarice."

She flashed him a swift glance from under her gold-brown eyes lashes.

"As if that were likely," she exclaimed, archly. "Oh, I will be on time, Gilbert; never fear. I will meet you at the depot; then no one can say we went away together, for the rest of the company will be there, too."

He pressed her hand to his lips once more, and then hurried away. He would trust himself no longer with that dazzling siren; but as he went, his lip curled with a smile of triumph. She was all his own, and he knew it. But he sighed softly, as he walked onward down the long, brightly-lighted street.

"Falls into one's hand, like an overripe pear or peach," he muttered, sullenly, as he went. "There are no more women in the world, with the old-time sweetness and modesty. Nowadays, the women seem to think that the bolder they are, and the more slang they can talk the more are they recommended to the favorable notice of the men. The sex needs something, something terrible, to open their eyes. Nothing ordinary will do it. It would take a blow fit to fell a giant."

And this highly moral gentleman, who had been the cause of more women forgetting their dignity and self-respect than any other man in the city, went on his way rejoicing in his own superior attributes; passed on down the long street, and back to his office. He had forgotten some papers; he must return there, late though it was. It would not take but a few moments, he said, and really he must go back there.

The office was in the bank, and the great, tall, dark building rearing its lofty head skyward, looked grim and sinister in the gloom, lighted although it was, with the glow of electricity. Gilbert Luttrell inserted the key in the lock of his office door was about to turn it, when he was confronted by a black figure looming up out of the semi-darkness at his side, and a man's deep voice asked eagerly:

"Is this Mr. Gilbert Luttrell?"

CHAPTER III.

FACE TO FACE.

Gilbert Luttrell drew back into the deeper shadow and the man went on:

"Because if you are, I am Captain Morris of the "Aspinwall," and I wish to see you upon important business. I should have waited for morning no doubt you will say? Well, sir, I know that all right, but you see, my time's not exactly my own, and I only got in port today, knowing full well that I would have to leave at once, for a two years' trip to South America. But it's to be my last trip, and then I'm coming home to settle down for good."

Gilbert Luttrell drew a long breath, and straightened himself up, eyeing the stranger through the darkness.

"How are you, Captain Morris?" he cried, cordially, extending his hand. "It is lucky I had to return to the office for some papers I needed and so you have not missed me. Can I be of any service to you?"

By this time the door was open, and the two men inside. Luttrell stirred the smouldering fire in the grate and it burst forth into a cheery blaze.

"Sit down, Captain," he said, indicating a chair near the desk, "and here"—unlocking a cupboard as he spoke—"is something to keep off the chills."

Drawing a flask full of brandy from the cupboard, together with a couple of glasses. "There, help yourself, Captain. And now, as its getting late, suppose you tell me what your important business is?"

"This." Captain Morris drew from an inner pocket a huge roll of bank bills and held them up before Luttrell's eyes. "A fellow doesn't want to sail into unknown seas on the morrow with a load like this on board? There's twenty thousand dollars in that roll, Mr. Luttrell."

"Is it possible? And you want my advice as to an investment, Captain Morris?"

"Advice? No! I want you to take charge of this money at once. Let me tell you. I only got home today and was sure I'd be sent for, at once, to be ready to ship again. Hard life, a sailor leads my friend. This you see is my savings; nobody knows what I have got it; I didn't want to frighten Mary and the girl. Why, they'd never let me come out alone tonight, if they knew I had all this in my pocket. And when I came out, thinking I might be able to find you. You were the first business man I thought of, Luttrell. I never said a word to anybody about it, and as they don't know I've got it, why, it's all right, I suppose. When I started out tonight I just said I wanted to take a stroll; that I didn't know how soon I would be shipped, and then, Barbara she began to cry, and the mother to look heart-broken, and I rushed away out of it all. And what should I meet coming to my house, but orders from the company to sail tomorrow morning, tomorrow morning, Mr. Luttrell. So I said I'd go and see you, and leave the money in your keeping, and then I'll go back home and I reckon we wont go to bed tonight, for we'll have such a lot to say to one another; but I will tell Mary how I've left the money in your hands, with orders to pay over the interest to her quarterly, until I come back. Of course I'd no business to expect to find you here at this hour of the night; but I ventured to come, anyway, and, there! Don't it look like Providence itself—your coming here right at the very nick of time?"

Gilbert Luttrell nodded. He was pale as a ghost and his dark eyes glittered strangely; but he controlled his emotion and smiled kindly into the unsuspicious old man's face.

"I will do the very best I can with the money, Captain Morris," he returned. "I will place it where it will be safe absolutely. But, before we go any further, I want to ask you a question, Captain Morris. I love your daughter. Have I your permission to win her, if I can?"

For a full moment Jack Morris sat staring straight into Gilbert Luttrell's handsome devillish face.

"My—daughter," he repeated, blankly. "I don't understand you, Mr. Luttrell."

"I love her, that is all, Captain Morris," repeated the other, hurriedly. "She does not return my affection. I have never asked her, but that is easily seen. Now, Captain Morris, if I find a way to—to win Barbara, have I your consent?"

"Why, yes, if you find a way. But if I know Barbie, she is not a girl to change very easy, that's all between you and her; only I stipulate, Mr. Luttrell, there is no underhand way to be tried? It will all be open and above board?"

"Certainly. And, indeed, I would not want a wife unless she loved me in return."

"And I know my Barbie would never marry a man she didn't love; and the man she loved would have no opposition from me—unless he was a rascal and I knew it."

Luttrell's face grew crimson and then blanched to a deadly pallor; he turned to his desk and drew a sheet of paper toward him, taking up his pen as he did so, and dipping it into the ink well before him.

"We had better get your receipt ready, Captain Morris," he observed, gravely. "But, first, let me get some of my favorite brand of wine. I always keep a supply of good liquors in the office."

He arose and went to the corner cupboard where he had gotten the brandy. Selecting a wire-caged, cobwebbed bottle, he deftly removed the stopper, and then stepped into the shadow of the cupboard door. He took from an upper shelf in the cupboard a folded paper; it looked like a powder such as a physician would prescribe for a patient. This he shook into the bottle of wine, and with two glasses returned to the desk. A moment later he had poured the glasses full to the brim and tendered one to Captain Morris.

"Let us drink Miss Barbara's health," he suggested. "This wine is a drink fit for the gods of Olympus."

Bluff, good-hearted Captain Morris drained his glass at a draught, but Gilbert Luttrell deftly spilled his out upon the floor beside the desk, and pushed the waste basket over the spot. He wrote the receipt and then called Captain Morris to sign.

"Received from Captain John Morris, of the ship 'Aspinwall,' $20,000 in U. S. currency, in trust for his wife and child, until he shall return from the present voyage."

And then followed the date and the two men affixed their signatures. This paper Captain Morris thrust into his coat pocket, after which he arose to his feet, unsteadily.

"I swear, Luttrell, that wine was heady," he said, slowly. "I can't get my bearings. What is the matter with my head?"

Even as he spoke he lurched heavily forward, and fell to the floor like a log. Gilbert Luttrell hesitated a moment, then he stooped and taking the fallen man by the shoulders, managed to draw him out of the office and into a dark room beyond. Thence, down a pair of stone stairs, and into the "very blackness of darkness." A heavy door swung to upon him and Luttrell turned the key in its lock. Then, very pale and with eyes like coals of fire, Gilbert Luttrell slowly retraced his steps to the office above.

The first thing he did on returning to the office was to secure the roll of money which Captain Morris had entrusted to his care. He carried the money into the outer apartment where banking business was conducted and locked it carefuly in the safe. His eyes glittered strangely under his straight black brows, and his thin lips were wreathed in smiles.

"Good!" he exclaimed, softly, "if Barbara was desirable before she is simply divine now. Twenty thousand is not an immense fortune, but as a marriage dot it will do admirably. And—Barbara Morris shall be mine. I swear it! She is not the style of woman to fall into anyone's hands. The man who gets sweet Barbara must win her first."

He glanced uneasily around. All was still; so still that it was uncanny. One naturally held one's breath, waiting for the next thing to happen. But nothing happened. At last, Gilbert Luttrell arose and turned to the outer door. His face was gray and terrorstricken; his form trembled as he walked.

He left the office, locking its door, and placing the key in his pocket. Once out in the street—a back street, as this was the rear exit from the bank building—he hesitated a moment, then glanced furtively around. Just then a clock in a church tower somewhere, struck twelve. He started. Surely, that was the tall, dark form of a man coming rapidly down the narrow back street, pausing now as it reaches his side. There was a quick, convulsive exclamation; then with a single bound the man sprang upon Gilbert Luttrell and grasped him by the throat. And the gleam of the electric lights showed him the face of Lewis Russell.

"Gilbert Luttrell!" he groaned between his set teeth, "you villain! What have you done with my wife? Where is Clarice Russell? Speak, you hound, or I will take your life!"

In next week's Ledger further chapters of this highly fascinating story will appear.

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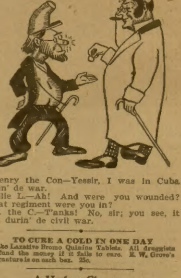
To all subscribers our free cameras and free patterns are given as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Seagull in His Home.

One can no more get a correct line on the seagull when he observes him from or near land, than he can on the foreigner when he encounters him in his tourist tweeds, away from home. The gull of the Hudson, or the Central Park reservoir, or the upper bay, is an expatriate. He is out of his element. He is a stranger who brings in shore whiffs of a wild life that lies somewhere beneath the horizon, somewhere where the trade winds scatter the spray in the track of the liners like dust on the open road. He is a stranger, and, say what you will, strangers are unpopular. Men do not like what they do not understand.

To get on good terms with the gull one must see him in his own home. One must have been in flight about his ship day after day, where the waves chase each other, out of sight of land. In his native habitat the gull loses his corsair aspect and his repellent tourist manners. He takes on homely domestic ways, and one sees him as he is—a friend of the sea and of those who go down to the sea in ships. There is a point in the various familiar names which the sailors bestow on him and his kindred. He is simply a barnyard fowl, although his barnyard is the ocean itself. One may regard him just as would a pet rooster of uncertain years, protected by his popularity and his toughness from the ax of the market man.

That is the gull—a cheerful plebeian friend of mankind with a broad stout wing, a fondness for a buffet with the wind and wave, and that indiscriminate appetite and that "ancient and fish-like odor," which it is expected were no strangers to the vikings and other rude heroes of the deep since then. He does not fear human society. He courts it, and when you call on him at his home in the Atlantic and press him for a song he will not refuse you. It is no great feat as a musical performance, and unlike most bad singers the bird has the grace to sing softly, but it is confidently volunteered. There is a shrill grating quality in it like a door creaking in a half gale at the other end of a long corridor.



Henry the Con—Yessir, I was in Cuba durin' de war.

Allie L.—Ah! And were you wounded? What regiment were you in?

H. the C.—T'anks! No, sir; you see, it wuz durin' de civil war.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A Useless Change.

"I got called down in the New Willard the other night," said Representative Sulzer. "I absent-mindedly took a pipe out of my pocket and stuck it in my mouth without thinking. I was promptly informed by an attendant that I'd have to put it away."

"Why didn't you explain that you were an Englishman?" asked Representative Fitzgerald.

"I would have done so," said Sulzer, ruefully, "only the man who called me down was an Irishman."

Many a well-bred girl discovers that her first cake is dough.

Berenice, The Beautiful.

The Tragedy of a Luckless Marriage --- Love That Seemed Too Late---Out of the Depths.

By JEANNE STODDERT.

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CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

Soon she broke into an hysterical fit, which lasted so long that Maurice feared her senses had bereft her.

"It has come at last!" he said, endeavoring to soothe her, while his eye scanned the pages. "God, what a demon!" he exclaimed.

"Am I mad, Maurice, or is this awful thing the truth?"

As he took her in his arms he was relieved to see her burst into tears. She wept passionately for a few moments on his breast, then her faculties being restored, she broke away and said:

"Come with me, ah, come with me! Why do you stand there while she, my mother perhaps writhes in torture? My mother! My precious mother, still alive and in that horrible pest house. Come, Maurice, we have not a moment to lose!" she said, taking his hand as she pulled him toward the door. "She never had the dreaded disease, Maurice; she never died—she lives! She lives!"

"If you will just calm oyurself, Berenice, I will leave you and go for her at once. It is a dreadful ordeal, but try to restrain yourself," he said, tenderly.

"Oh, don't leave me alone, don't leave me, Maurice!" she pleaded; "let me go with you."

"I will go and bring her to you. I must first seek the authorities; there is much to be done."

But she only fell upon her knees, put her arms around his limbs and leaning her head against him, said:

"I pray to you, Maurice, let me go with you. I promise you to be quite calm; only let me go!"

He had hoped to spare her in part the revelation which he knew must come, but she was in such a wild state of excitement he hesitated to leave her, and, raising her, said:

"I suppose it is as well. We must hurry."

Gladly she tore away, her strength and courage restored. He was surprised to see her calmly order Theresa to bring her great fur coat, a warm scarf and hood, her fur-lined shoes and mitts, and do them into a bundle.

Then wrapping herself warmly, for the weather was very severe, they hurried to the closed carriage waiting in front.

Maurice had stopped long enough in the excitement to tell Aunt Celia of the discovery and to have everything arranged for the comfort of the sufferer if they returned with her alive.

The letter was one of a threatening nature from the attendant at the pest house. If the doctor did not pay up at once he would expose the crime; he would no longer risk the danger of keeping his mother-in-law a prisoner. She was rational at all times, the letter explained, and was not to be driven to insanity. He was tired of the job and the small price paid for it. The physician in charge had left and had paid him nothing for the last three months. He was ready now to air the whole infernal business.

Maurice concluded to drive immediately to the false asylum and not wait for the red tape of the law.

What a long, cold and endless drive it seemed to Berenice. She had time to indulge the most frightful conjectures. She regretted that the fiend did not live, that she might plunge a knife into his heart.

"What was his object, do you suppose, Maurice?" she asked.

"His whole object in marrying you, evidently, was to get possession of your money and he probably thought to drive you both to insanity, or at least confine you in an asylum."

Nearing the lone house, Berenice tried hard to keep up her courage, but as she was helped from the carriage her excitement was so intense her limbs almost gave way from under her. But upon reaching the door all her strength returned. She was ready to fight, to kill, if she must, anyone who stood in her way.

The place was almost deserted. A roll of bills which Maurice flourished before the keeper's eyes and his promise not to expose the crime, since it could now do no good as the plotter was dead, had the desired effect.

"Does she live?" gasped Berenice.

He nodded his head and led the way down the dark passage to a small room on the top floor.

As Berenice's quick ear caught the sound of what seemed half a cry, half a prayer, she tore away from Maurice on down the passage from where the sound issued.

"Let me tell her," said the keeper. "To see you come upon her unawares might prove serious. I will prepare her."

"I wont trust you," said Berenice.

"I have fed her unknown to the two doctors," he said, "and kept up her faith as best I could to keep her from becoming the maniac they tried to make her. You can trust me, madam. She would have been dead or crazy long ago but for me."

"Oh, forgive me," said Berenice, "after all I owe you much."

Hearing the voices outside a feeble voice called:

"Who is it? Did I hear a woman's voice? If there is a woman in the house with a christian heart, for the dear God's sake come to me," she wailed.

The keeper passed quickly through the door.

They at first heard some faint words of appeal, too low to be distinct, then the keeper's voice, saying:

"Friends have come!"

"I don't believe you! I have no friends—not in this world. They are all dead, and my daughter; or she would not leave me to such a fate as this!"

"No; she lives, and has sent friends to rescue you."

"No, no," she wailed, "it is the little fiend come to carry me to the asylum and taunt me again with my misery or tell me lies about my angel child."

A great mute sob shook Berenice from head to foot. "Oh, mother of God, what torture! She is crazed!"

But Maurice reassured her and called to the prisoner: "Your daughter lives, Mrs. Summers, and has come to you."

Opening a crack in the door, the poor woman peeped through the crevice. But upon seeing a strange face she immediately closed it. "No; you want to take me to the asylum. Save me, oh, save me, God!"

Berenice could be controlled no longer.

"Mother!" she sobbed, "mother, I have come!"

With a wild cry of joy, the poor woman recognizing the voice, threw wide open her prison door.

What a picture! The wild, sunken eyes; the disheveled, whitened hair falling about the thin face; her hands, which seemed but bones, and the starved body with its tattered garments, bore little resemblance to the proud, beautiful mother, whom Berenice had known.

"God, what a hideous crime!" said Maurice.

For an instant Berenice recoiled. Then seeing something familiar in the smile and features, with a low, pathetic cry, rushed with outstretched arms, leaned her fresh cheek against the lean, withered one, and wildly kissed and wept over the poor creature.

"Mother, mother!" she sobbed, "merciful heaven, how you have suffered!"

The scene was too much for Maurice's sympathetic nature. He walked to the window.

After the first wild burst of mingled joy and grief, Berenice looked about at the husk bed in the corner, with its thin, torn covers, the hard wood chair and the pan on the floor with the remains of a crust and potato. Then as a gleam of fury kindled in her eyes, she seized the chair, and, raising it above her head, rushed at the keeper. "You are an accomplice to this crime," she cried.

Maurice quickly disarmed her, and telling the keeper to go, said: "Come, let us leave this hole at once."

"My child, calm yourself. What would you do?" said her mother. "He might have done worse by me; he has kept me alive and has done what he dared for my comfort. The doctors, Doctor Page and tne other are the responsible parties."

"And he is dead," said Berenice. "I never thought the hour would come that I would regret his death. Oh, that I could stab him to the heart!"

"Dead, the doctor is dead, you? Then we are free from all human interference at his hands! Thank heaven!"

Maurice took the bundle of warm clothing and unfastening the strap commenced to dress the poor woman for the drive.

But Berenice said: "No; let me; let me do this," and taking the soft, warm shoes from his hand, she knelt upon the dusty floor and drew them over the poor feet. Then she rose and covering the ragged gown with the rich fur coat, and slipping some pins from her own heavy coils, confined the tangled white hair. "Give me the hood," she said, and drawing it snugly about the ears, tied it under the chin as she would a child.

"It is like snatching you from the grave, dear mother," she said, as she lovingly caressed her. "But we will soon have you well and happy again."

When she was quite ready, Maurice and Berenice each took an arm to assist her.

"Let me pray first," she said. "Let me thank my dear God for this deliverance. I knew he would not forsake me entirely."

Maurice stood with bowed head, while Berenice knelt by her side with her arm around her mother as they offered up together their silent prayer.

CHAPTER XX.

Within a few days the poor sufferer began to show the effects of all that loving hands and hearts could do for her comfort and happiness.

As Berenice sat beside her and looked upon the wreck of womanhood, she reproached herself bitterly.

"It is all my fault," she would say to herself, "my wilful and selfish nature has been the cause of this. Had I listened to her warning, her advice, I would never have ruined her life and mine by marrying some one whom her wisdom disapproved.

"Girls are selfish, foolish and thoughtless. Oh, so thoughtless! A life's devotion can never repay her for all the misery which I have brought her."

She was comparatively a young woman, not yet quite forty, but through her suffering looked nearer sixty.

She was very weak, thin and pale, but there was about her the look of returning health. Her eyes soon lost their wild, hunted expression, and a smile often wreathed her face as both Maurice and Berenice tried to cheer her.

They kept from her all that she could be spared of Berenice's past. They talked only of the future. They, themselves wished to root out all the poisonous weeds from the garden of memory. It all seemed so mysterious, so unreal to her at first. So much had passed within the past three years. They were all strange about her; Aunt Celia, Mary, and Maurice, whose presence had to be explained.

One morning, when she was feeling very much improved, Berenice talked to her about her love for Maurice, of his kindness to her, and of their hopes and plans for the future. They were to leave for his home in Florida just as soon as the little mother was well enough to travel, where it was hoped all would regain their health and spirits in the sweet southern clime.

Her mother, with a woman's quick intuition, had half guessed the truth, and was glad to have her suspicions confirmed, as she felt already a great fondness for the handsome, manly fellow with his kindly gaze, his courtly, gentle manner and perfect good nature, and warmly complimented his intellect.

The feeling was fully reciprocated and as each day reflected the soul within, he would say:

"What a grand and beautiful character. Just as the living, the beautiful and imperishable things of the world are created from the ashes of the past, so are the best and noblest thoughts the product of suffering."

She rejoiced greatly at her daughter's new-found happiness and insisted that she was feeling quite strong again and anxious for the change. So hasty preparations were made for their departure.

It was dismal, cold and gloomy when they drove from the house that had been the scene of so much sorrow.

Berenice went to tell her little friends in the lane good-by. She would not see them again for some time, for after she and Maurice were married they were all to go abroad for a year or so. But she was thankful to leave them in such good hands. Mrs. Dean was very capable and had the work so systemized that Berenice's presence was no longer needed for its success.

So she bid them adieu with a light, happy heart. When she returned she was to do better things and found the home which she had so long had in mind.

The morning was lovely beyond expression, the air was balmy and as clear as crystal when the occupants of Glen Eerie drove from the small station to the beautiful southern home.

It seemed to Berenice that birds never sang so loud and clear; that flowers never bloomed so perfect or exhaled so sweet a perfume. How she loved light, air and mirth. It had all returned, the sweet, glad sunshine of life. It seemed like awakening from some hideous nightmare to a beautiful reality. After all, how good it was to live.

Reaching the porter's lodge, they turned into a long driveway through magnolia trees, scenting the air with their fragrance, while the woods about were heavy with the densest foliage and filled with singing birds.

Coming in sight of the picturesque and beautiful home, with its rolling lawn of softest verdure, its fountains, and its gardens of roses and tall oleanders, Berenice pressed her hands together in childish delight.

Flowers, flowers, were blooming everywhere.

Just beyond and to the left were the servants' quarters with the low, whitewashed walls, and little brown, bare-legged children played in a garden bright with poppies, while to the south were the orange groves and the vineyards, where later in the year the grapes hung in purple clusters, and in the shadow of the vines, the nightingale sang the whole night through.

"Oh, how ideal! Why did you never tell me, Maurice? It is one of your sweet surprises."

"No more tears, no more heartaches, no more sorrow," he whispered.

It was a bright, beautiful Sabbath, when some few weeks later, the little party from Glen Eerie walked to the village church. The very atmosphere seemed impregnatd with happy, holy musings; the bells rang forth their welcome.

Berenice wore a simple white muslin and carried in her hand a white prayer book. It was her wedding morn.

After the sermon, Maurice walked proudly to the altar with his bride. And as he stood with bowed head and listened to the minister's clear tones pronouncing the words, "We are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony," he felt that heaven never seemed so near. And as they passed out, the calm, the quiet, and beauty of the holy day seemed to breathe its eternal blessing.

As he smiled down upon her, Berenice lifted her eyes and looked at him with a gaze full of rapturous delight and gratitude.

(The end.)

Mason's Limitations.

Senator "Billy" Mason would rather be an ass than a statesman.—Minneapolis Times.

That is an unjust and unfair assertion. How can our Gopher contemporary enter into the abyss of Mr. Mason's mind and soul and know what his preferences are? What he is he is, and other he cannot be. Free will has its limits and fate has none. An intellect like the Hon. William E. Mason is not great by choice but by necessity. In a politer moment our Minnesota friend will see his error and sing his mea culpa.

The highest compliment one woman ever pays another is to say she is nice looking.

I Will Cure You of

Rheumatism.

No Pay Until You Know It.

After 2,000 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.

I ask no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month, and if it does what I claim pay your druggist $5.50 for it. If it doesn't I will pay him myself.

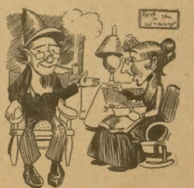
I have no samples. Any medicine that can affect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you anyway. If it cures, pay $5.50. I leave that entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 502, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

Fulfilled Ambition.



Mrs. Outa Towne—Who'd a thought ye cud sell gran'pa a gold brick, and him so old and wise. Yit that's jest wot he bought down to town yistiddy.

Mr. Outa Towne—Wa'al, he's doin' jest as he allus wanted to. He allus said he'd like to live to a green old age.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Why He Didn't Jump.

Here is one that a young man who knows a good story when he hears it heard one railroad man tell another in a depot up the line the other day:

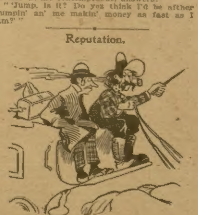
"We picked up a new Irishman somewhere up-country and set him to work brakin' on a construction train at 3 cents a mile for wages. One day when him an' me was on the train she got away on one o' them mountain grades, and the first thing we knowed she was flyin' down the track at about ninety miles an hour, with nothin' in sight but the ditch and the happy huntin' grounds when you come to the end. I twisted 'em down as hard as I could all along the tops, and then of a sudden I see Mike crawlin' along toward the end of one of the cars on all fours, with his face the color of milk. I thought he was gettin' ready to jump, an' I see his finish if he did.

" 'Mike,' I says, 'for God's sake don't jump.'

"He clamps his fingers on the runnin' board to give him a chance to turn round, and, lookin' at me contemptuous, answers:

" 'Jump, is it? Do yez think I'd be afther jumpin' an' me makin' money as fast as I am?' "

Reputation.



Passenger—What ever became of the Bulger family?

Bus Driver—Oh, Bill turned out fine. Got to be an actor. Tom's an artist, Melindy's a swell music teacher. But John never amounted to much. Took all he could earn to support the others.

Relative Values.

Young Gotrox—I love you for all I am worth, darling.

Miss Willing—Oh, how congenial. That's just what I love you for.

THE SENATOR'S SECRET.

Or,

THE MYSTERY OF A WASHINGTON HOME.

By T. C. HARBAUGH,

Author of "The Arracan Ruby," "Weldon or Eagle Crest," "The Woman in Gray," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.

FACED TOWARD DENVER.

The words uttered in stern tones by May of Rattlesnake as I faced Tom Meekin and his band in the heart of the Sierras went through me like a keen-edged sword.

I knew from her command that she was not alone and could fancy that Granger had been found and stood at her side. The desperadoes looked first ahead and then at one another.

Their hands rested on the butts of their weapons, but not one was lifted. De Castro's face had lost that yellowish tinge and was now as white as sailcloth. He seemed to think that the great opportunity of his life was slipping from his grasp, and that his commission was about to end in failure.

My two friends stood behind me so that it was impossible to catch sight of them, and I did not try to look round. I was interested in the men into whose hands I had fallen and in the outcome of the meeting.

"Stand back and let the prisoner go," resumed the same voice, the tones of which had not abated a jot in fierceness. "We give you three minutes, gentlemen."

Meekin threw a quick glance at his men, and then looked at me. I could see the darkened face of Delamar's man grow darker than ever, and knew that it was hard for him to knuckle under.

But what else could he do? De Castro was watching me like a hawk while he awaited Meekin's decision, and overhead the stars of Sierra Land sifted their cold light down.

"You kin have him, but thar's a second chapter," growled the desperado at last. "Take him!"

De Castro bit his lip.

"This way, Mr. Preston," said May behind me, and, overjoyed, I turned and walked to where she stood with Granger.

"Keep right on," whispered the woman as I came up. "We'll take care of the wolves of the Sierras."

I obeyed, walking forward in the narrow trail which the starlight revealed, but when out of sight of the foes I stopped and listened.

"Thar's a second chapter," I heard Tom Meekin snap in his hard tones. "This won't work all the time in Rattlesnake."

"Just as you wish," came the clear response in the woman's voice.

"We'll git even for this interruption. You can't run things in this 'ere kentry."

I fancied I heard a light laugh in reply; that was all, and in a few moments I stood in the presence of my deliverers.

"Now for it," said Granger. "We've got you out of this little scrape perhaps to land in a bigger one. The wolves have showed their teeth, but we have a few to show ourselves."

Half an hour later I sat on my horse miles from Rattlesnake. I looked up a canyon and saw the gleaming bed of a mountain torrent.

"I'll go with you to Nutshell," said the woman who had also accompanied me to the spot. "You will hit the 'stage there and it will take you out of the trap. Dick and I will go back."

"And face the Black Band?"

"Oh yes. That's nothing," smiled May. "We've crossed their path more than once before this, and they know we're business. Tom Meekin won't more than show his teeth to us. He knows better. With all his exterior the man is a coward at heart like thousands of his kind. We will run all risks, Mr. Preston. I wish you a safe journey to Washington. You've got the will and the papers safe?"

"I have them on my person, and will surrender them only with my life," said I.

"We hope you won't have occasion to go that far," was the reply. "You won't be permitted to get back without a tussle for your evidence, but I reckon Senator Delamar will know the news ahead of you."

Of course I believed this. He had not sent his future son-in-law into the wild west for nothing. I had not been tracked by this yellow descendant of the dons without a deadly motive, and long before I could reach Washington, if permitted to return, the result of my mission would be known to Senator Delamar.

May shook my hand and rode back, while Granger volunteered to ride with me to Nutshell.

"A strange creature," said I to Tom as the sounds of the woman's steed lessened in the dark distance.

"Yes. She has a secret, but no one knows just what it is. She was a woman of some importance, but what forced her to this wild life no one knows. She has a heart bigger than an ox, and she is always found on the side of the under dog in the fight—always."

"She hates Tom Meekin?"

"Like she hates a viper. Some day there will be a little burial on the mountains at Rattlesnake, and May will furnish the corpse, but it won't be herself."

We rode into Nutshell on the Shasta stage-line early in the morning and put up at the hotel there. I had to wait a few hours and when the stage came along bound for the nearest railroad station I transferred myself to a seat therein.

As I leaned back in my corner what was my surprise to see a man enter the lumbering vehicle and take a seat on the opposite side and near the door. His face was muffled, but I at once recognized him. I was going to have a fellow passenger, Senor De Castro!

Of course we did not speak during the whole journey. The Spaniard seemed oblivious of my presence, but I could fancy him watching me like the tiger that he was. Once or twice I thought of speaking to him, but refrained, and the stage at last reached the railroad.

I had now turned my face toward Washington, a long journey by way of Denver. I wanted to see Clyde Monteney again and to tell him something that would give him both hope and comfort. Besides this, I wanted also to get some letters which I was sure awaited me in Denver, and my first news from the east.

It was night when I alighted from the train in the queen city of Colorado.

I looked about for De Castro, but that worthy was not to be seen, and so I quitted the depot wondering what had become of my enemy. I would not reject an interview with the scoundrel, and I had resolved to treat him with a little more roughness than I had exercised in the foyer of the Arlington.

I made my way almost direct to the little room where I had last met Clyde Monteney, and rapped. The same woman opened the portal, and to my inquiry said her boarder had disappeared a few days before without giving her notice, and she did not know what had become of him.

Here was a disappointment which I did nto like, and, finding that I need not hunt further that night for Violet Murphy's son, I proceeded to my hotel.

I half expected to find the name of my old enemy De Castro on the register, but the book did not yield me any such fruit, and after smoking a cigar and resting up a little I retired. The will and other papers obtained at Rattlesnake I left in the hotel safe, fearing to keep them with me, and, tired after the long trip, I soon fell asleep.

The Imperial was a fair hotel, though not exactly the best in the city. It long ago gave way to a more substantial structure, but my adventure within its walls will never pass from my memory.

I cannot say how long I slept that night in the first doze, but all at once I found myself wide awake and conscious that something in which I was vitally interested was taking place.

The room was quite dark, but for all that I felt that I was not its only tenant.

While I lay awake with every sense on the alert I heard a footstep approach my couch. It seemed to come from the window that overlooked the back portion of the building and I had investigated that place before retiring. I had also looked to the fastenings of the windows and had retired satisfied that I was safe.

Nearer and nearer came that silent footfall. It was tigerish in its nature; it reminded me of a creeping tiger in the dark stealing upon his victim. I ran my hand beneath my pillow for the weapon there, but as my fingers touched it something fell upon me deadly, crushing like a living avalanche!

CHAPTER XIV.

HAVING IT OUT WITH DE CASTRO.

There are times in the life of every one who has reached the summit of his life when scenes of the past rush across his mind impelled by the shadow of death or accident.

Such was the case with me when I found myself in the clutches of the unseen in the chamber at the Imperial. A pair of hands were already at my throat, the body of a man was upon my chest, his knees were planted in my body, as it were, and I felt his hot breath in my face.

At first I could not struggle. You want some little time to recover from the surprise, to collect your thoughts, and even then it may be too late. A life sometimes hangs on a second of time, and half a second has changed the fate of empires.

But the horror of my situation and the necessity for quick, strenuous work was apparent. Not a word was spoken by my assailant, whose motives could not be mistaken. I was to be choked to death then and there, and never was I to return to Washington and report to the waiting president.

Summoning all my strength, I exerted and threw the incubus aside. At the same time, though half choked, I sprang from the bed and stood in the darkness. Somewhere near me was the enemy. I could not see anything but the faint gleam of light on the window sill, and it did not extend far enough into the room to assist my vision.

I tried to conjure where the enemy stood. Or did he crouch in the gloom with a weapon in his hand ready to launch himself again at his intended victim?

Thoughts of De Castro flitted through my brain. Was I never to rid myself of this yellow fiend? Why hadn't I maimed him for life when I encountered him in the Arlington?

While I stood in the darkness I got my strength back. My warm blood again reasserted its powers and I felt my strength return with encouraging hopes. Not a foot did I stir as I stood between the couch and the wall, my back slightly touching the latter, with no weapon in my hand, but not altogether powerless.

At last I heard a slight noise. The enemy had stirred. I tried to locate his position, but did not do so to my satisfaction. I could keep my place till daylight, and then I would see the would-be murderer and face him on euqal grounds.

All at once I caught sight of a dark figure between me and the window. Was he quitting the room? Was he about to leave the chamber as he had entered it and was I to see him no more? I resolved to give him battle there. He should not escape. I would know by whom my life had been attempted, and if De Castro he——

In another moment I darted toward the window and as the man turned I was upon him.

Grasping him by the shoulders as he whirled I had him against the wall. Gods! I could have throttled him without a show of mercy; I could have sunk my hands into his throat and laughed to see him squirm beneath the death grip o the man whose life he wanted.

Something fell to the floor as my hands reached his throat and I felt that already I had deprived him of his dagger. But I did not stop for this. I had gone too far to let up with a show of mercy, and, feeling that now I had him in my power, I would exert it to the utmost.

But I was not permitted to have everything my own way. When I tried to drag him to the window he showed a strength that baffled me and for a few moments we had it out on the carpet. It was a silent struggle so far as words were concerned. Now I had him near the window and now we were touching the couch in our battle for the mastery.

Some one would have to yield at last.

At length I pressed him almost against the sill, and as he tried to tear himself from my grip the window curtain fell with a crash and the light from the nearest window outside fell upon his face.

It was De Castro!

I laughed when I looked into the foreign face of my foe. There was something so intensely tigerish in the countenance that I could not but notice it. Murder and other passions sat enthroned on that face, and in his veins, as I knew, ran the crimes of a century of dons.

"Yours must be an important mission," said I, speaking for the first time, now that I had recognized my enemy.

A fierce oath was all the reply I got.

"You have tracked me across the continent, bound to snatch from me evidence that can hang your master."

His lips met sadly, but he did not speak.

The next second I was almost thrown from my feet by a dexterous trip, but I recovered in time to save myself from falling into his deadly power.

"Sit down. Let us talk a moment," said I, and at the same time I pushed him toward a chair which stood in the light which now came in by the window.

He took his seat with a growl and glared at me with all the ferocity of a baffled thug.

"Well, go on," he suddenly said. "This is to be no parley, understand, senor?"

"O course not. Senator Delamar must be interested in my trip to the far west."

"Do you think so?"

"He sent you after me. He communicated with Captain Meekin, and they knew me the moment I reached Rattlesnake."

I fancied that a sinister smile appeared at the corners of De Castro's mouth, but he vouchsafed no reply.

"Well, what if all this is true?" growled De Castro at last.

"It is indicative of guilt."

"What guilt?"

I looked the man full in the face as I said:

"You know."

"The death of that woman?" he sneered.

"The murder of Violet Monteney."

He did not speak for a moment.

"What proof have you discovered?" he suddenly asked. "What have you for your long trip?"

Believing that he would send the news to Senator Delamar I answered somewhat evasively.

"Let the future tell. What proof? Do you, Senor De Castro, think I would turn back without proof?"

I saw that my words worried the Spaniard, and brought back the old murderous flash to his eyes. But I was not prepared for what happened.

With the quickness of a cat he left the chair and before I could brace myself he landed against me like the bolt of a catapult. I was thrown against the wall, my feet were actually slipping over the carpet before I recovered; but with a terrible exertion I recovered and grappled with the fiend.

It was life or death now. I knew that one of us must die before the struggle ended, that either the mystery of Violet Monteney would be avenged or the mystery of a winter's night never be solved.

De Castro was putting forth all his strength and he had a great deal in reserve. He was battling with the last chance, and, tiger-like, was trying to make sure of the man he had marked for a victim.

At one time we were down on the floor; he wrenched my hands loose rom his throat and then we rose again and continued the struggle. It was my fight for existence.

When we stood on our feet again I obtained a sudden advantage which I pushed to the utmost. I had De Castro's back toward the window and I pushed him thither. As if divining my purpose he tried to break my hold, but I held on.

I found him at last touching the sill which caught him midway, and all at once as I put forth a supreme effort I forced him across it, driving his head through the sash and then his shoulders and half his body. But I did not intend to stop there. I did not care how far down to the ground it was. De Castro should descend and try the hardness of it, even though he went from there to the morgue.

I heard his teeth grate behind his dark mustache. He hissed out a Spanish oath as I forced him still further across the sill, and then with a mighty effort I hurled him from me, and when I leaned over the sill and looked down I saw something human-like lying in a heap on the ground!

CHAPTER XV.

BAD LUCK AND GOOD.

Feeling that I was rid of De Castro for a time at least, I turned back into my room and breathed freer. The diabolism of this man was great; that he had tracked me from Washington to the Sierras with the intention of taking my life if in no other way he could secure the ascendency was more than apparent. It was a fixed fact. I did not go down and raise the alarm, for I was still in a strange land and did not care to be held there.

The papers secured at Rattlesnake were still safe, though had the Spaniard carried out his purpose they would not now be in my possession. I knew that they were invaluable, and they held the key to the situation, and I longed to lay them before the president.

After awhile I went down and discovered that in an hour I could be speeding eastward. I at once made up my mind to quit Denver, leaving the task of finding Clyde Monteney later on.

De Castro might have been killed by his fall; I cared little for that. Had the villain not attempted my life? Was he not the agent of Senator Delamar, who had sent him after me for the express purpose of outwitting we at any hazard? I would let the Spaniard take care of himself while I would make haste to Washington.

In an hour I was on my way. The letters which awaited my return to Denver told me but little of the situation at Washington. They were from the chief and told me that nothing new had occurred there in the Violet Monteney case, only that Delamar had again distinguished himself in a speech in the senate.

But I was to see more of my enemy. I had not seen the last of De Castro.

Reaching Chicago I was in the act of crossing a street when suddenly I felt a sharp sting in my back and all became dark. The lights of the city vanished in a moment, and when I came back to consciousness I found myself in a room as dark as the shores of the Styx.

For some time I could not make out where I was nor what had happened. The place in which I lay was filled with foul odors, my couch, if such it could be called, was little better than a litter of hay and rags, and when I left it I lurched against a dark wall and fell on my face.

Had I been found again by Delamar's agents?

At last I rose and circumnavigated the dungeon; but no outlet rewarded me. I was a prisoner in a cell as gloomy as the cell of Chillon, and hope for a moment took flight.

Finding my way back to the cot, I sat down upon the edge of it and pondered. How long had I been in that wretched place? All at once I felt for my papers, and—horrors! they were gone!

The wound in my back had been a glancing one and one which no longer gave me trouble, but the loss of the papers did. Without them I was partially disarmed, and I imagined how Delamar would gloat over my mishap.

Suddenly I heard a slight noise at one side of the dark place, and in a moment I was there.

Some one was on the outside of the wall,

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The Senator's Secret.

(Continued.)

some one evidently hunting for a keyhole, and when a door creaked on its hinges I drew back and summoned all my strength.

A flood of light poured into the dungeon and then I caught sight of a woman's face, but such a face! In all my life I had never seen one like it. It was a large face, dark and merciless, with two fierce eyes that burned like the orbs of a maddened tigress, and over them were large overlapping brows. The giantess, for such she was, poked her head into the place and looked around. She held a light in one hand and her huge body shaded it from me, but gave me a fair glimpse of her repulsive face.

In an instant I leaped forward, caught the woman by the shoulders and dragged her into the dungeon before she had time to collect her thoughts. I saw that action was needed without ceremony, and, thus impelled, I forced her against the wall and transferred my hands to her throat.

In her fright she dropped the half-hooded light and tried to break my hold, but I flung her away and sprang for the door. In an instant I was beyond the dungeon and in a narrow corridor leading I knew nor cared not where.

Ahead I caaught sight of another door, which I found unlocked, and beyond it I found a small room dingy enough for the poorest and vilest classes. A glance at my surroundings was enough for me, and in another instant I was out of it.

A few steps led down to the street, and I was soon there, the many lights of Chicago before me. For a little while I stopped to get my bearings, and then I bolted away.

The next few squares were left behind in a short time and I sat in the office of the chief of detectives briefly telling the story of my adventures in the city.

"Robbed, too, were you?" said the chief, with a grim smile at the corners of his mouth. I guess we have something for you, then. Lost important papers, eh?"

"Very."

He opened his desk and in a moment turned to me.

I almost gasped for delight. He held in his hands the package I had lost!

"We arrested a man we've long been looking for," he explained. "We caught him yesterday, and among his effects we found these. This man, Dan Everett, is one of the coolest crooks and scoundrels in the country."

"I know him. I arrested him once in Washington," said I.

"We have him safe enough—arrested him on suspicion just as he was getting on the New York express."

I saw all at once. The man was about to leave for Washington with my papers, undoubtedly to place the same in the hands of Delamar, and by a scratch he had been caught and the documents were again before me.

With the papers in my possession I rose and thanked the chief.

"He must have known that you had those important papers on your person. The dispatch seems to have told him so."

"The dispatch?"

A yellow paper was placed in my hands, and a glance told me all.

Watched by the detective chief I read as follows:

"Denver, ——.—Dan Gholson, Chicago:—Preston on Atlantic Coast Express. See him.
"DE ORTSAC."

"Ortsac," as I saw in a moment, was "Castro" spelled backward. No wonder I had been apprehended when I reached Chicago. Guided by the telegram Gholson had waited for me and it was his bullet that had renderd me senseless on the dark street of the Windy City. De Castro had recovered from his fall and the telegram had outstripped me. Electricity had beaten steam.

Once more I was on the street happy with the papers in my possession. Why not tarry in the city till De Castro came?

I felt that he would not be far behind me, if, indeed, he had not already reached Chicago and was looking for his man Gholson, or Everett.

I went to a small hotel where I thought I could remain unknown and began to wait.

Early the next morning I walked out and resolved to again visit the detective chief, when I caught sight of a man across the street. I started, and dropped into a convenient doorway while the man, who had not seen me, passed on.

It was De Castro.

The cool Spaniard was still on my trail, a little behind me, it is true; but still the indefatigable sleuth-hound. I followed my impulse and followed him. He led me a long chase, but at last, as I turned a corner after him, I suddenly found myself face to face with my relentless foe.

De Castro had turned as suddenly, and we were looking into each other's eyes.

For a moment the man colored, then, goaded by a quick impulse, he threw up his hand, which I warded off, and in another second had planted a fair blow between his dark eyes, turning him half way round and throwing him into the gutter.

"That much for the old score, senor," said I.

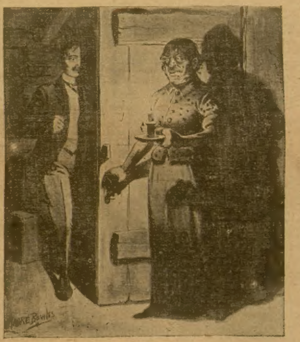
CHAPTER XVI.

THE END OF THE TRAIL.

Free at last!

Free from the tracker in the person of De Castro and at liberty to pursue my way to Washington with what I thought would be damaging evidence against Senator Delamar.

As I lay back in my seat in the Pullman that carried me from Chicago soon after my last encounter with the Spaniard, I thought of many things connected with my exciting adventures since leaving the capitol city. I wondered if Delamar had been kept posted by his would-be son-in-law, and how my report would be received by the president. I knew that I would bring sorrow to the heart of the chief executive, who had all along hoped that the senator would be cleared of the terrible suspicions against him; but unfortunately it was not in my power to wipe out the inculpating evidence.



A woman's face, but such a face!

With De Castro behind me evidently gnashing his teeth in impotent rage, I was whirled over the road to Washington. I thought of Clyde Monteney and his love, Gracia, of Doctor Patterson, of Delamar and his family—in short, of a thousand and one things.

I also wondered how Granger and May of Rattlesnake were coming on with Tom Meekin and his band of mountain pirates. Would there not be war to the knife between them from now on? But when I thought of the young woman's coolness I fancied that the pair would be able to take care of themselves.

The dense night had gathered round the capital as I was whirled through it suburbs, glad to find myself once more at my journey's end.

I had promised the president to report first to him, and, mindful of my agreement, I went straight to the white house. The hour was late, the cold winds of mid-winter shook the leafless branches of the trees before the old mansion, but I saw lights beyond the door and the feathery flakes of snow that blew in my face seemed cold no longer.

The president had not retired. As I ascended to his private apartments my heart beat a little faster that it had for some time. I almost hated myself for the message I was bringing to the great man—the head of the nation.

As the door swung open I caught sight of the president, and the next moment he held out his hand. He recognized me at once, and a wan smile of welcome crossed his care-worn face. I could see that the lines of care on the noble countenance had deepened and multiplied since my departure, and when he waved me to a chair he himself sat down and turned upon me a look of mute inquiry.

"I am glad to see you back, Mr. Percy," said the president. "You have cleared up the mystery, I hope?"

For ten minutes I talked without interruption. I told the president everything. And at last, drawing the papers from my pocket, I laid them on his desk.

For a moment he did not speak.

"The evidence is circumstantial," said he at last, his voice sunk almost to a whisper. "But there is no doubt in my mind. Senator Delamar killed his partner Monteney."

I did not speak.

"And this woman who died so mysteriously in this city was that partner's wife."

"There's no question about that, Mr. President."

"And there is the same sign of death—the strange mark on the flesh of each victim. Whether the Hindoo carried with him the deadly poison of the cobra, or whether it was some other subtle poison matters not. Monteney and his wife died alike, and Senator Delamar profited in each instance."

Again I was silent.

"Mr. Percy," suddenly said the president, like a man catching at the fleeting shadow of hope, "there can be no mistake?"

"I fear not."

Never shall I forget the aspect of the great man as he left his chair and stood before me. He had passed through the most exciting scenes of the century. He had led his men through the smoke and fire of battle, and for almost four years the burden of the greatest war of all the time had rested on his shoulders.

He looked away for a moment, seeming to seek beyond the window and the snow the icy waters of the Potomac, that majestic river along whose banks his cannon had thundered a thousand times.

"It must be true," he said at last. "The majesty of the law shall not be stained. Let this man, no matter what his station, suffer the penalty."

That was all. The president's head seemed to drop upon his bosom, a shudder passed over his frame and then he turned away. I gathered up my papers, I stole toward the silent man a look of pity, and moved away.

"You will do the rest, or at least the authorities will," said he, turning round. "Let Delamar sleep well tonight—if he can. Tomorrow he will be a disgraced man; tomorrow he will be in the eyes of the law a murderer twice over. God have mercy on his guilty soul!"

I left with the prayer still trembling on the the president's lips. I slunk down the snowy paths of the white house yard and out into the broad avenue. My coat I pulled round my throat and went to the little chamber that had not known me or some time. In half an hour I was in dreamland, and when the morning broke I was awake again.

The rest did not take long. Eager to stand face to face again with Senator Delamar, to see how he would take his fate, I accompanied the offcer to his elegant home.

As we entered the house I caught sight of Mrs. Delamar on the broad stairs, and in another moment I heard her voice that pierced me like a knife.

"Senator Delamar is waiting for you, gentlemen," she said. "You will find him in the library. But here is the right person—the one who killed Violet Monteney!"

She came down the steps holding out her hands to us.

"I killed the creature with my husband's secret poison! I held her against the wall of this hall that night and sent the deadly venom into her blood. I am the right person. My husband—but go and ask him, gentlemen."

She stepped aside, laughing madly as she did so, and we passed on up the flight. Sure enough, Lucius Delamar was in the library, but not fit to greet us. A strange gibber issued rom his throat and we paused. A human wreck sat before us. The once brilliant man was mad. And his wife somewhere on the stairs was proclaiming herself the murderess.

In another instant I heard beyond the room a voice which I instantly recognized—the voice of De Castro. As we turned he entered the room, gave one look at the senator and bolted away.

The next day and the next Delamar lay dying in his splendid home, as mad as a March hare. The following night he died, and his wife, standing by his bed, declared again that she and not her husband had killed Violet Monteney.

I believed the woman capable of anything; I was confident that she was really the criminal; but no arrest followed. At the request of the president the story of my adventures in the far west was kept out of the newspapers, and the Delamars were permitted to leave Washington.

De Castro went with mother and daughter, and somewhere in Spain they lived in seclusion until at last the guilty woman took her own life there. Before quitting Washington Mrs. Delamar surrendered to Clyde Monteney more than enough to make him happy for life, and with Gracia, the choice of his heart, he took up his residence in Denver, from which city he made Camp Rattlesnake respectable, richly rewarding Dick Granger and May and ridding the community of Tom Meekin and his gang.

Until now I have carried in my bosom the true story about the Violet Monteney tragedy; but as nearly all who were in any way concerned with it have crossed the dark river, I feel at liberty to tell the tragic tale, though some, I know, will not believe that Senator Delamar was a murderer even while his eloquence thrilled the senate and electrified the nation; but I know and the good president, who long ago passed to his reward, knew that Delamar's hands were red with the blood of his fellow man.

(The End.)

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Texas, the largest state in the union, has the proportions of an empire, and it is only by comparison that one can gain an adequate idea of her size and of the magnificent distances between her boundaries. To say that the area of the state is 265,780 square miles conveys little meaning, but when one considers that its width is more than one-half that of the southern border of the United States; that it is larger than the whole of New England, with New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia thrown in; that it is larger even than Germany or France; and that if the whole population of the United States was placed within its borders it would be no more thickly settled than is eastern Massachusetts today—then one begins to realize the vastness of this great southwestern domain. In traveling across Texas from Texarkana on the eastern border to El Paso in the extreme west one journeys nearly the distance from New York to Chicago; and in passing from the panhandle district in the north—a strip of Texas in which the entire territory embraced in the New England states would be lost—to the gulf coast, one finds almost every variety of climate and soil represented in any part of the country.

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REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

Oath-Bound Under the Black Flag--Story of Love and Daring in the Chinese Empire.

By **ANNA L. SMITH,**
Author of "Duchess of the Looms," "Cast Up by the Sea," Etc.
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Begun in No. 47, November 23. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

"She saw her husband slain, then the great Chinaman's gods touched her brow; she fled and——"

He paused.

"And," prompted Iaro.

"And found the bungalow of Brabanzo," he concluded.

The latter portion of his communication had been learned from a conversation to which he had been an unseen listener, between Don Emilio and his allies, at the deserted hut, where Meia had taken refuge after a frightful experience at the fated camp, and where he had been concealed by a luxuriant growth of vines which had crept beneath the shelter of the decaying roof. He had been a witness of the awful scene within the hut, and after the fell deed was accomplished, he had followed upon the trail of the murderers, as we have seen.

As if a veil had been swept aside from her mental vision, Iano saw the dreadful truth; every doubt of her husband's perfidy was swept away, and the hardened, treacherous heart was unveiled; he stood revealed in all his moral deformity.

In the heart of the Oriental woman it is but a single step from the most devoted affection to the most intense, malignant hate.

Like a yellow Galatea she stood erect, while the chief related the particulars of the abduction of the beautiful bride from the protection of Iano, the forcible abduction from old Maleta's hut, the mockery of a marriage, the fiendish murder, by the order of Don Emilio, the burial and sudden attack of the scouts, the cowardly flight of the Spanish colonel and his two associates, prompted by the appearance of the skeleton phantom, and at last the poisoning of Iano's idolized child to serve his base designs upon the helpless captive.

He made no denial of his own participation in the plot.

Iano remained outwardly calm, as if her heart had died within her bosom, her blood turned to streams of ice, one dark hand gripping the bosom of her robe, but the wily chief knew that the outward composure was as deceptive as the calm before the simoon, the awful stillness that precedes the earthquake.

"Why did not Meia come to Brabanzo's bungalow with the story?" she asked, in tones so icy that they might have fallen from the lips of the dead.

In his own peculiar style Meia explained that he had remained at the camp with his party of Boxers, who were seated in a circle. He was fortunately a short distance from his men.

The terrible skeleton specter suddenly became visible, against the face of gray rock, the white bones wreathed in blue flames, its skeleton feet resting upon thin air, and bearing in the fleshless hand a flickering globe of blue flame lighted in the fires in the earth.

While they gazed terror-stricken the blue flame whirled like a rocket and fell within the circle, at the very feet of the assassins.

A blinding cloud of impalpable, misty flame danced before the chief's vision, his breath ceased, an awful, choking sensation was in his throat, his senses reeled, and he knew no more.

When consciousness returned he found his warriors dead, he was the only living thing in that camp of death.

Dazed, more dead than alive, he dragged himself from the spot, crawling beneath a tangled copse, and falling into a profound slumber from which he was finally awakened by the voices of Don Emilio and his three Spanish soldiers, to whose revelations he had listened and thus gained a full knowledge of what had occurred and their destination.

He had no knowledge of the lapse of time but his senses were fully restored and like a serpent he made his way to the deserted hut, arriving there in advance of the heavily burdened soldiers. The luxuriant growth of vines creeping within the ruined hut and rioting over the thatched roof offered a secure point of observation, and climbing nimbly to the thatch he drew the vines about him. Through a chink in the roof he witnessed the proceedings within the hut—the farce of a marriage, the treacherous blow dealt by Tadeo Guzman, and afterwards, from his perch, the burial of the victim, the fall of the assassin from the bullet sped by the unseen foe, the rush of the scouts, and the immediate disinterment of the beautiful girl, and finally the departure of the two rescuers with the hapless young bride.

No sooner had their footsteps died away when he slipped to the ground, and knowing that Don Emilio and his cut-throats were on their flight to the village he hastened after them, overtaking them immediatly, and following them like a sleuthhound until they reached the village and of his patient waiting until a fitting opportunity to unmask the wily Spaniard to his vengeful wife.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DEATH SENTENCE.

Iano listened in that ominous quiet far more dreadful than the most bitter outcry.

The eyes of the chief never left her face, as he stood there, even in the veiled moonlight he could see the lines deepen until the beautiful features looked haggard and sunken and aged as if twenty years had passed over her head since his sudden appearance, rather than twenty minutes.

The glittering, fevered light in her eyes was something so terrible that even the iron-hearted savage quailed beneath the baleful glare.

He ceased speaking, and for a moment there was dead silence.

As if a mask had fallen her face changed, its fixed, frozen immobility gave place to a look which might have been worn by a fury. An avenging Nemesis she looked as she stood there, her loose, gauzy robes in such contrast with the midnight tresses that fell in a cloud to her waist, her eyes like stars in her pallid face.

Her white lips parted in a low, hissing whisper.

"The black-hearted dog must die!"

She stretched her arms with a tragic gesture, her fingers clenched, her whole attitude instinct with intense rage.

"Before the sun has risen and set twice he must suffer a traitor's death!"

"Iano's words are just. Her husband has betrayed her; he must die!" echoed the chief. "Meia's hand shall execute the vengeance of the Manchurian wife."

"Not your hand!" she cried, fiercely, "the hand that he has covered with his false kisses, the hand that has been poisoned by the pressure of his lying, deceitful lips shall tighten the collar. His heart is stone. He cannot feel, only through his mortal frame. Ah-h-h! Let the serpent depart with his men, on his mission of plunder; to rob, not his foes, but the friends who have trusted him, blindly, so blindly. His path leads him by the accursed cliff; there, there let him pay the price of his treachery; there his bones must be left to bleach. The very sods would cry out, the rocks find a voice, were the body of the man whose soul is like the lava from a dead volcano left within its breast, but, see! the viper comes! The wife must meet her husband; give lie for lie, meet false words with honeyed accents. Quick, hasten! He must not know that Meia is here!"

With the sinuous bound of an animal Meia crouched in a dim corner, drawing a heap of gaily bedecked mats across his form, while Iano sank into a hammock, closing her flashing eyes as if in deep slumber.

The false husband entered the bungalow, glanced at the dark composed features, and with a smile of gratification left the bungalow, well pleased that he was not compelled to undergo the distasteful farce of a fond leave-taking, and little dreaming of how and where he would again meet his wife.

Far less did he guess the seething fires of jealous rage smouldering in that fierce heart, or the dread resolve of the woman he had so foully wronged.

The closed eyelids fringed by the long, jetty lashes, the shapely yellow hand pressed so convulsively against the wildly-throbbing breast, told nothing, not a trace of the pent fury raging in that heart was visible in the subdued light.

Great heavens! Could he but have caught the faintest glimpse of the truth how would his guilty soul have trembled. Iano in love a tender and true as the ring-dove, was a very demon in her jealous anger, and the sound of his footfall, once such music, his very presence roused her to such an ungovernable pitch of fury, that scarcely had the curtain fallen behind his retreating form, than she sprang to her feet, half frenzied, while Meia, accustomed as he was to the wild passions of the Boxers, fairly recoiled as he crept from his hiding place.

Her midnight eyes flashed lurid fires of hate, her tawny forehead was corrugated, the white teeth ground together with a harsh grating; her hands were tightly clenched, her slender figure fairly writhed like the contortions of a reptile wounded to the death.

In a moment her mood changed, she turned to the chief with a smile, cruel, dreadful, frozen upon her lips, her features assumed a marble rigidity, her form was drawn proudly to its fullest height and folding her arms she confronted the witness of her anger, grief and despair.

The season for her impotent rage was past; she was prepared for action.

Great violent circles shaded the eyes, the burning, fevered lights glowed more vividly.

Meia was the first to break the oppressive silence.

"The Flying Fox is on his way to burn and plunder and make prisoners," he whispered as the muffled tap of a rude tom-tom sounded. "It is time that we follow."

"Gone on his last march!" muttered the woman, grimly; "stay a moment."

She left the bungalow, returning presently, accompanied by a young slave girl, who sat down beside the hammock where the child slept, while the mother, wrapping a light square of pina cloth about her head, signified that she was in readiness to depart. Outside a sedan and four bearers were in waiting.

She was aware that the first halt would be at the encampment in the shadow of the cliff, a brief delay to allow of the burial of the dead Boxers. Had they been of the clan they would have been removed to the village, the savage, scarcely human beings would be interred without money upon the tongue, without food or means to fee the specter boatman over the black river.

The band marched rapidly, the chief and Iano following stealthily, stealing from shadow to shadow, keeping the line in sight, the bearers, all mutes, stepping with soundless footfall.

The moon was high in the heavens when the party halted at the camp. The burial was conducted with all haste, a shallow trench was opened by a dozen brawny Boxers and the dead were unceremoniously thrown among the loose earth which was swiftly filled in, and their work was done.

They were preparing to leave the spot, when, from the black shadows two figures emerged.

Meia, tall, stern-browed, stepped full into the moonlight.

A cry of fear greeted his appearance. They believed him a specter from the world of shades, and shrank back in affright.

His hoarse, gutteral tones arrested their flight.

"Ihochund warriors," he said, "I am here—not a spirit, but my living body. I am here with your princess; we come to bring a traitor to punishment."

"Iano!" exclaimed Don Emilio, as the woman dropped the mantle from her face, disclosing its deathly pallor and the flaming, accusing eyes, and stepped from the sedan chair.

With an exclamation of alarm Don Emilio hastened to her side.

"This is a surprise," he cried, "my best beloved, what brings you here Has some treacherous hound dared play traitor; has one among the Manchus dared conspire against me? If he has dared, he must die!"

He glared upon his followers and in turn ochre-skinned Boxers and swarty-faced Spaniards glanced at each other suspiciously. Conspirators were of such frequent occurrence that Don Emilio was thoroughly deceived; he had no idea that he was the traitor to whom Meia referred.

He deemed the chief to be true to his interests, and as plots and counterplots were of such moment during the uprising he imagined that his devoted wife had unearthed some conspiracy against his life and had hastened after him to warn him of his danger.

He would have taken her hand, but she waved him back with a haughty gesture. There was no gleam of affection in the weird, black eyes that stared straight in his own with an inscrutable gaze.

Stepping back she spoke in a low tone to Yono and Lung Woo, and then, pointing an accusing finger towards her husband, exclaimed in a fierce, clear tone that was heard by every member of that lawless band:

JOHN ANDERSON.

John Anderson, publisher of Skandinaven, the Norweigian daily newspaper of Chicago, has been created a Knight of St. Olaf, Norway's only order, by King Oscar of Norway.

The honor came to Mr. Anderson recently while he was sick and confined to his bed at his home, 646 Cleveland avenue. This brightened him up, however, and he is now quite well again. The order was conferred upon Mr. Anderson for his many charitable acts in behalf of the Norwegians and the Swedes. A few years ago, as a single instance, he raised through his paper, the Skandinaven, about $23,000, which was sent to the widows and orphans of the fishermen who lost their lives in the great storm on the coast of Norway in 1893, when the loss of heads of families alone numbered 136.

It is needless to say that Mr. Anderson is very proud of this distinguished recognition, as well as of the fact that his paper has the largest circulation of any Skandinaven journal published in America.

Mr. Anderson came to Chicago from Voss, Norway, his native place, in 1845, and as a boy, 9 years old, secured a position with the Chicago Tribune, where he learned the printer's trade. In 1866 he started the Skandinaven. As partner he had Victor F. Lawson, the present publisher of the Chicago Daily News.

The order of which Mr. Anderson has been made a knight was instituted by King Oscar I. in 1847. It has three classes—grand cross, commander, and knight. The insignia is a golden, white enameled Greek cross, with a golden O and Norway's coat of arms in the center. It is carried from a red watered ribbon with blue and white edges. Mr. Anderson is the second resident of America to receive the honor, the first being O. A. Thorp, the Chicago Board of Trade man, "There is the traitor! The Spanish dog who has proved false to a princess of the Manchus, the daughter of Brabanzo, your chief!"

Like human bloodhounds, the brawny Boxers sprang upon their leader and before the astonished wretch could comprehend the situation or raise hand or weapon in his own defense, he was borne to the earth and securely bound with the stout manila cords which Meia had removed from the girdle of his tunic.

The Spaniards would have drawn their weapons for the protection of their colonel, but a cordon of fierce natives rushed between him and his soldiers, and the terrible knives grasped in the knotted hands of the assassins warned them that discretion was the better part of valor; the natives were treble their own number, and, underlying all, at heart they feared and hated their villainous commander.

Dropping their hands to their sides, they stood with bowed heads and stolid faces, awaiting the next act in the tragedy.

'Cowards!" yelled Don Emilio, beside himself with terror and rage. "Cowards! Will you stand idly by while an officer of the Spanish army is treacherously seized by the heathen fiends! Forward! Forward! Charge!"

But not a soldier moved from the line where they had gathered.

A weapon was at every breast, spear or knife, or Mauser rifle, in the hands of a grim savage.

"Ihochunds!" cried Iano, "there lies the treacherous foerign hog who crept like a viper into the 'heathen' village and made the daughter of Brabanzo his wife by the laws of her people.

"Listen, warrors and chiefs. Long ago Don Emilio met a maiden of the white race and sought her love in vain; would have made her his wife, caring nothing for the tie that bound him to Iano

"The Water Lily scorned him, even though she did not know that he had no right to offer his black, false heart.

"He was angry and came to Brabanzo's bungalow, asking the chief, who trusted him, for warriors to pillage and plunder; but he said nothing of the white woman he would claim as his share of the booty.

"Meia's warriors were like moles; they saw nothing of the Flying Fox when he stole away, taking with him the Water Lily and her mate.

"What cared he for the laws of the 'heathen?' Nothing! But, by the white man's law he must take the life of her husband before she could be made his by the priest.

"From yonder height he hurled the Englishman to his death, and then the Great Ruler in mercy touched the brow of the white woman and made her forget, and brought her to the bungalow. Ihochunds, you have seen her—the white woman with the eyes like a summer sky, and hair like the sunbeams! Don Emilio came.

"He poisoned his child that the eyes of the mother might be blinded with tears. He sent the Water Lily to old Maleta's hut.

"By the aid of his Spanish soldiers he stole her away, carried her to the hut yonder, and there, by the mouth of a foreign devil of his own race, made her his wife. And then——"

She paused, drawing her breath with a gasp:

"Then, almost before the false words were spoken, the stiletto of the black-hearted Tadeo Guzman was plunged in her bosom.

"They made her a grave and covered her from sight.

"The deed of blood was avenged—a bullet from a white man's rifle—an American—found Guzman's false heart; sent his soul to the world of shadows, and yonder, from Tah-Sun-Yah's rock the spirit of evil come to carry his soul to the heart of the volcano!

"Again, like a coward, Don Emilio fled back to the protection of the Manchus, his mouth filled with lies. Iano has spoken! Ihochunds, what shall be the punishment of the false Spaniard?"

It was a strange, weird scene. The moonlit camp, the borders shaded by the surrounding forest, black by contrast with the brilliant beams, the fierce faces of the scowling savages, the dogged countenances of the Spanish soldiery, the bound man lying with haggard face and gleaming eyes looking into the face of the woman at whose very feet he lay.

There was a breathless hush for an instant, then a growl of savage hate roses on all sides.

"Let Iano, the forsaken wife, speak his sentence!"

The words came from the deep chest of Meia. A gutteral growl and a murmur of approval rose on all sides.

She fixed her scathing gaze full upon the face of the man writhing in his bonds at her feet.

"He shall die by the collar. Iano will laugh when he begs for mercy!"

All the insulted pride, the slain love, the hatred of the ferocious Manchu were blended in that death sentence.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

Don Emilio writhed in his bonds, and strove to speak, but at a signal from their princess a tall savage thrust a fragment of bark between his white teeth, and only a mumbling moan issued from his lips.

His pastime has been rapine, and crimes of the deepest dye—now retribution had overtaken him and his face was livid with fear.

He turned his imploring eyes toward the woman he had so cruelly wronged, hoping, longing for some token of relenting—some return of the love she had lavished upon him so freely—as well might he have looked upon the sphinx for all the emotion betrayed by that set, immobile face.

There was not a moment delay—at the command of Iano the stake was planted, the collar of rope fashioned by practiced fingers, and at once the victim was bound to the post.

In mockery the bark had been removed from his teeth, and his cries for pardon—for mercy rose piercingly.

Like some Druid priestess the heathen woman stood, regarding the grim preparations for the execution with unfaltering mien. Her love was dead, and in its place a hatred of the man she had worshipped rose in her savage breast.

"Shall the father of Iano's child suffer at the hands of his mother?" pleaded Don Emilio, hoarsely, "let the love for our beautiful boy plead with you to save his father's life!"

"Shall the father live that he may be allowed to poison his child?" asked Iano, coldly. "Iano's boy shall be taught to curse his father's memory."

Despairingly he turned his eyes toward his soldiers.

"Brave Spaniards, will you, dare you stand by and see your colonel murdered? When you return to your legation, and the truth becomes known—as it must—what will be your fate? Every man of you will be shot for cowardice! Cut these cursed cords placed upon me by treachery—let me lead you in the fight against these barbarians, and a reward shall be every man's! I am rich—titled—powerful—through my influence I can give a commission to every soldier here! Strike! For the honor of Spain! For the—"

A whispered conference took place between the Spanish soldiery, and a derisive smile flitted over the saturnine features of the soldiers.

A surly corporal stepped forward, interrupting his appeal:

"Let Colonel Estrance remember the executions at wihch he has laughed and jeered—the groans he has extorted! Dog! My brother died by your order, and I, Francisco Orbito, hate you! Oh, how I have burned for vengeance, even when I have fawned upon you! Devil! Hellhound! Accursed aristocrat! Murderer! You had not pity—now you whine like a sick monkey for help! You ask of hearts of stone! Diablo! You may die—not a soldier will lift a finger to save you! Do you think we forget?"

"Por Dios, no!" yelled a stout Spaniard, derisively. "I had a daughter, like her mother, beautiful—good. You, a Spanish soldier—an officer, you won her heart—you worked her ruin! Pedro Orbito was her lover—when he dared speak out like a man, you taunted him until flesh and blood could endure no more. He struck you. In two hours he was strangled by your order! Isora lies in a suicide's grave, and her blood is upon your guilty soul! The blood that flows in your veins is the puddle that warms the heart of the Englishman! You are no true Spaniard!"

Drowning men catch at straws. The words of the soldier had suggested the wild hope that by disclosing the secret of his birth, the Boxers would spare him.

"No! Por Dios, no!" he shouted. "Standing here in the face of an ignominious death, I solemnly swear that not a drop of English blood flows in my veins. Listen, Chinamen! You are of my blood. I, Don Emilio y Aretes, Count Variano, heir of the title and estates of Guido, Count Variano, of Madrid, through my father, am yet, by my mother, Hazello, a chief of a powerful Mongolian clan!"

A shout of derision rose from the assembled assassins.

"Iano, my wife, I have made a countess, you shall go to Madrid and take your place among the proudest of Spain's haughty dames, a position which your education abroad has fitted you to fill with honor! Oh, my love, I have but spoken the truth, I am a Mongolian! Can my assembled brothers doom one of their own race to death? Grant me but time for explanation—but a few fleeting moments!"

"At a signal from Iano a Filipino brought a tunic, spreading it upon the earth, and she sank down down, briefly signifying her willingness to listen to the communication.

In a loud, deep voice, that all might hear and comprehend, the prisoner spoke in the Pekinese tongue. Even at that supreme moment the spirit of double-dealing inherent in his nature came to the surface. Should he escape his soldiers would know nothing of the confession which he believed would save his life.

Rapidly he unfolded the secret of his birth, as disclosed to him by his father within a few hundred feet of that very spot, but making no mention of the awful fate of Hazello, or the dread curse that clung to his race.

His words rang out almost in a shriek, echoing back from the face of the chliff in mocking cadence.

At the close of the strange recital Iano rose to her feet, her face still set and stern.

"Don Emilia—Count Varino," she began, in a low, even tone, "you have spoken truly, my education at the white man's school has fitted me for a proud position, but, your promises are ropes of sand. You have lived to lie, and now, by your own confession, you have beggared your son. You cannot inherit the money left by the dead Englishman, and by the laws of Spain your birth cuts you off from the inheritance of your father. The son of a despised Asiatic woman cannot inherit the title of the Spanish succession, or grasp the privileges of the Spanish grandee. Man of crime, have you forgotten the fable of the bat? I will rehearse it for your consideration; it is a case in point: Ages ago, when the birds and beasts were at war, when in a battle the birds chanced to be in the ascendancy, the bat declared himself a bird—but, when the beasts were the conquerers, he conveniently became a beast. Don Emilio is that bat—when the proud dons protected him in his cruelties, he, forsooth, was a Spaniard—now, bound—at the mercy of the Ihochunds, he is a despised Chinaman!"

Like a tigress she sprang to her feet.

"Count Variano, you have sealed your fate. You shall not live to publish the story that will rob your son of the only patrimony he can claim through your reputed mother—the daughter of the Englishman. No! never! Your lips shall be sealed in death and thus his fortune secured. Your career of crime is ended!"

Don Emilio groaned heavily as Meia slipped the collar about his throat in obedience to a signal.

The next instant her firm hand grasped the tough bit of bamboo serving as a lever to tighten the collar.

"Ha! ha! ha!" she laughed, wildly, "the fingers that have smoothed your brow, toyed with your silken hair, clasped your hand, shall wreck the vengeance of a wronged Asiatic wife!"

His cry for mercy rent the air, dying away in a hoarse murmur as the deadly garrote tightened.

He had sowed the wind—he was reaping the whirlwind.

The shouts and bravas of the Spanish soldiers mingled with the howls and yells of the savages. When beneath his heel they had feared him—in his death-agony they rejoiced.

Like friends exulting in deeds of cruelty the yellow terrors danced and shouted, as if let loose from Tartarus.

Again and again the fierce curses of the soldiers mingled in the infernal din.

Great heavens! Why does the wild demon dance, why are the insane shouts stilled? Why does every heart quail—Spaniard and savage alike? The wild contortions and grimaces have ceased, as with one accord—frozen, spell-bound they halt in their wild orgies. Every eye is turned in the same direction.

The face of the cliff is enveloped in blue, sulphurous flame, and upon the fiery background a skeleton form stands out in bold relief.

At the base of the cliff it hovers, the bony hand raised and bearing an impalpable, flickering globe of molten fire.

On, straight across the rushing, foaming water it floats, as if borne on unseen wings, and as it reaches the bank a hollow, fiendish laugh rings out.

There is a momentary pause, while the brilliant moonlight and the sulphurous glow plays upon the ghastly image, from which a black shadow falls upon the stream as if from a living presence. Then it glides straight toward the camp, the black shadow trailing after. A brief space of time, and it has gained the edge of the glade.

"It is a Genii! El Diavolo!"

This story of extraordinary scenes and actions in the far east will be continued through several issues, revealing the strange customs and characteristics of the Chinese people, and showing the difficulty of invasion of the Flowery Kingdom. All subscribers to the Ledger are sent patterns and cameras free, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

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HYPNOTIZING

PROF. L. A. HARRADEN, Dept. 42, Jackson, Michigan.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A Poor Villain.

Lowe Comedy—Yes; he was a dismal failure. The audience vigorously applauded his every move.

Hi Tragedy—What nonsense you're talking!

Lowe Comedy—Not at all. He was playing the heavy villain.

Rather Discouraging.

She—And you are not going to spend the evening with me?

He—I'm very sorry, dearest; but I have a pressing engagement, and——

She—Then take back your ring. I'm not going to be engaged to a man who isn't willing to do all his pressing here.

No Lack There.

Mrs. Dubblechin—I heard her remark that I lacked poise.

Mrs. Peppery—Ridiculous!

Mrs. Dubblechin—Wasn't it?

Mrs. Peppery—Yes; but then probably she never heard of "avoirdupois."

The Main Point.

Sally Gay—I was reading a peculiar item, last night, about a young woman who jerked her head back from being kissed and broke her neck.

Miss Thirtysmith (eagerly)—But she got kissed in spite of it, didn't she?

Facts in the Case.

Young Wife—There isn't any love lost between Jack and me, I can tell you.

Her Mother—Good gracious! What is the trouble?

Young Wife—Oh, nothing at all. We use it all up as fast as it is generated.

As Explained.

DeSwell—How is it every time I order a pair of trousers you make them just a little short?

Tailor—Whenever I send a statement of your account you are short; so I measure you accordingly.

Limited Ambition.

He—I suppose you wouldn't think of marrying a man unless he could afford to give you a yacht?

She—Oh, I don't know. If I really loved him I would be satisfied with a little smack ocasionally.

Wherein He Differed.

Clara—So you are really going to be married to Mr. Commoner?

Maude—Yes; I am; because he is so unlike the men we meet in society.

Clara—Naturally. The mere fact that he proposed to you proves it.

Cupid as a Gardener.

Edith—I see that the charming young Widow Dashington does not wear her weeds any more.

Mayme—No; she expects to be weeded out of the widow class in the near future.

It Might Work.

The Parson—I wish I could devise a plan that would induce people to attend church.

The Politician—Oh, that's an easy matter. Get the legislature to pass a law prohibiting it.

Their Romance.

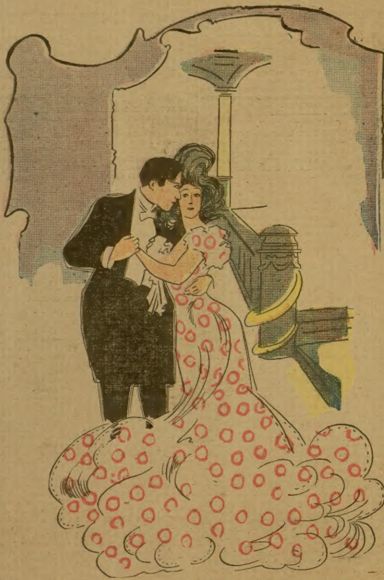
"Let's see; wasn't there a romance connected with their courtship?"

"Yes; the one he told her about his vast wealth."

Exceeds the Demand.

Speaking of love making, the tendency of beginners is to make more love than they can possibly use in their business.

STOLEN GOODS.



We were together on the stair,
  Just she and I, the hour was late.
The light shone on her golden hair,
  I truly tried to be sedate.

But then—her head was close to mine,
  Such chance one surely could not miss!
Before my act she did divine,
  Slyly I stole just one sweet kiss.

"You are a robber!" was her cry,
  In tones of mingled ire and grief,
So, quick I made her this reply:
  "Receiver is as bad as thief."

"Did I not give you what I took?
  Fairest accomplice now confess,
And say you liked it"—one sly look
  She flashed, then softly murmured "Yes."

Congenial Spirits.

Kelly—Phwy can't yez be loike me? Oi kin take a dhrink an' lave it alone.

Sheehan—Thin, begorry, yer dhrinks don't long fer comp'ny as much as moine do.

Consoling.

She—How long have you danced?
He—Oh, years!
She—Well, don't be discouraged.

Fills the Bill.

The early bird may catch the worm,
  And start triumphantly to trill,
Which proves, despite its humble squirm,
  The early worm just fills the bill.

Consoling.

She—How long have you danced?
He—Oh, years!
She—Well, don't get discouraged.

AGENTS WANTED AGENTS WANTED AGENTS WANTED

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

A Solid Gold Ladies' or Gents' watch costs from **$25 to $50. Don't throw your money away.** If you want a **watch** that will equal for time any **Solid Gold Watch** made, send us your name & address at once & agree to sell **only 8** boxes of our famous Vegetable Pills at 25 cts. a box. It's the greatest remedy on earth for Constipation, Indigestion & all stomach disorders & they sell like hot cakes. Don't miss the chance of your life. Send us your order & we will send the 8 boxes by mail. When sold you send us the money & we will send you the **WATCH** with

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the same day money is received. There is no humbuggery about this. We are giving away these watches to quickly introduce our Remedy—& all we ask is that when you receive the watch you will show it to your friends. Hundreds have received watches from us & are more than delighted with them. This is a glorious opportunity to get a fine **watch** without paying a cent for it & you should write at once. Address

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CASH FOR BRAINS.

$500 IN CASH FOR A NAME.

Readers of the Chicago Ledger have an opportunity to get a prize of $500 in cash by suggesting a suitable name for the new vegetable wonder, a giant tree tomato plant which grows to a height of 10 to 12 feet and produces fine flavored tomatoes often weighing 1 to 2 pounds each. Begins bearing early and continues the entire season. This prize of $500 is offered by W. D. Boyce Co., publishers of Boyce's Monthly, a large handsome monthly magazine for the family reading. They want a new name for this large tomato plant, one that will attract attention. A name different from that of any other variety. Think it over and suggest a name. You may strike just the right thing, and they will gladly pay you $500.00 for it. In case two or more should send in the same name which they decide to use, then the $500.00 will be equally divided among the fortunate ones. The only conditions are that you suggest 2 names for the new tomato plant and send a club of 2 subscribers at 30 cents for two yearly subscriptions to Boyce's Monthly and receive absolutely free, postage paid, 16 packages of fresh garden or flower seeds (your choice): For each club of two yearly subscribers at 15 cents each they get Boyce's Monthly for one year and you get 16 assorted packets of flower or vegetable seeds, and for each additional yearly subscriber you send us for Boyce's Monthly, enclosing 15 cents for same, you will be entitled to eight more packs of vegetable or flower seeds free and can suggest another name for the tomato plant and stand a chance to win $500 if either of the names you give for the tomato plant are selected as the permanent name for this wonderful plant. Address Boyce's Monthly, Dept. W, Chicago, Ill. This offer is genuine as W. D. Boyce Co. are one of the largest and most honorable publishing houses in the U. S. Write at once.

When Oil Paid.

Anent the excitement of speculation in the Texas oil fields, George McRae, who is at the Waldorf-Astoria, tells of the discomfiture of a speculator from St. Louis who wanted to drive a close bargain. The St. Louisan selected a well for purchase, and it was offered him for $15,000. He demurred at the price, and finally one of the officials of the company selling the wells remarked:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will pay 10 cents a barrel for all the oil produced there for thirty days you can have the well."

"Agreed," said the man from St. Louis, and he signed an agreement.

The well produced 10,000 barrels daily for the next thirty days, costing the St. Louis speculator $30,000.

Not Supposed to Know.

Husband—You women never seem to know what you want when you go shopping.

Wife—Of course we don't. If we did it wouldn't be shopping.

It Was Club Night.

Wife (as husband starts downtown)—You will come home early, wont you, dear?

Husband—Yes; but if I should be accidentally detained don't wait breakfast for me.

Two Points of View.

Miss Singelton—Society is all well enough for those who are single and want to marry.

Mrs. Wedderly—Yes; and for those who are married and want to forget.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

She Had Noticed.

Milkman—I s'pose you notice I am leavin' warm milk every morning, mum?

Housekeeper—Yes; and considering the number of diseases flying around, I think it's real thoughtful of you to boil the water.

Land and a Living

Are cheap in the new south. Land $3 to $5 per acre. Low rates twice a month. Queen & Crescent route. Free books and maps. W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati.

A Warning.

Mrs. Stubbs—But, John, how do you know that Welsh rabbit is going to disagree with you?

Mr. Stubb (sadly)—I— have inside information.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn., (The Clothier), says if any one suffering from a Kidney and Bladder disease will write him he will tell them what he used. He is not a dealer in medicine and has nothing to sell or give, just directs you to a perfect cure.

Nightly Ascents.

"Some people are never satisfied," remarked the stage carpenter.

"What now?" asked the scene shifter.

"Why, I just heard Little Eva say she was tired of going to Paradise."

"The Shade of the Palm."

The C. H. & D. Ry. have in effect through car service between Chicago and Detroit to St. Augustine, Fla. This offers Northern Tourists excellent service to their Southern Homes.

It All Depended.

"So you want to marry my daughter?" said the wealthy parent. "What are your prospects?"

"Good,' replied the nervy suitor, "if you consent."

Storyettes.

He'd Go Back and Wait.

The Philadelphia drummer had the floor and was having all his tongue could do in supplying the demand for stories out of his experiences, which were not always as placid as they were in his own native town.

"The last time I was in Texas," he said, "which was three months ago, I was on my way to a hot town down there which I will call Sheolville, because that is the kind of a place it is, or rather was, when I had been there two years before. While waiting at a junction, where I got dinner before taking the Sheolville accommodation, I fell into conversation with a typical Texan of the old school and incidentally mentioned the fact that I hadn't been to S. for some time and didn't know how things were there, and perhaps he might tell me.

"''Tain't nothin', stranger,' he said, lugubriously; ''tain't abserlutely nothin'.'

"This disturbed me, for if it wasn't any good I certainly didn't want to waste time and money going there to see the one or two merchants I might do business with and might not.

"'What's wrong with it?' I inquired, anxiously.

"'Well, I've been livin' thar fer the last nine years, and I'm gittin' out this very minute. It's plumb petered, that's what.'

"'How do you mean? Gone into bankruptcy? Busted financially?'

"'No; not that a-way. I'm talkin' about its morals.'

"'Oh, I never thought it was very much on that line, anyway,' I said, greatly relieved.

"'Thar wasn't a better town in the whole state when I fust went thar,' he said, in a tone of resentment. 'Mebbe you don't know it, stranger,' he went on, 'but it used to be that we was shore to have a hangin' er shootin' in town every thirty er sixty days as reg'lar clockwork.'

"'I think I read something not long ago in the papers about a lively time you had there, followed by a funeral or two.'

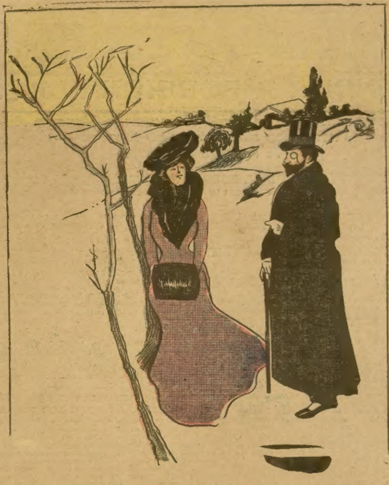
"'Yes,' he admitted, sadly, 'but that was three months ago, and thar hain't been nothin' sense.'

"'But it ain't the wust by a heap sight,' and he looked as if he would weep at the drop of a hat; 'by gum, they've gone and brung a game uv golf to town, and this mornin' when I sees 'em layin' off the slinks, er whatever they call the dern things, I had ter git out and come down heer fer fresh air. And I ain't goin' back. No, siree, I ain't. It wont be no time now till thar'll be a lot uv doods chasin' round town with ther socks outside ther pants, and, stranger, I'll be danged ef I can stand it I jist can't.'

"'Oh,' I laughed, 'you mustn't lose heart that way. Brace up. Something is going to happen to a dude in golf stockings on the streets of a Texas town, sure. I'm not saying a word, but you know Texas.'

"His face lighted up as if the sun had risen behind it, and he stuck out his hand cheerfully.

"'Shake, stranger,' he said, 'and let's go git a snifter. You've heartened me up more'n anything in many a day. Danged if I don't go back to the old place and wait for better times.'



"I planned my house out of my own head."
"I didn't know that yours was a wooden dwelling."

"He went back with me, and the very first man we met on the platform was a dude in golf stockings, and my companion's face grew hard, but he only shook his head menacingly."

Primitive Justice in Idaho.

Judge W. B. Heyburn of Wallace, Idaho, who comes to Washington on matters before the supreme court, registered at the New Willard during the week.

"Contrary to eastern impressions," said Judge Heyburn, "we are developing quite a high state of civilization in Idaho. It is not so very long ago, however, that conditions were rather crude in our parts. We had a judge on the bench out there who was an unterrified product, I assure you. He had never read the law, but had picked up in some mining camp a copy of the statutes of British Columbia, and he adjudicated cases by that code, and some of his rulings were bizarre. One day a chicken peddler drifted that way from another state and was promptly arrested.

"'You are fined $50 for selling chickens without a license,' said the judge, when he had heard the evidence.

"'But I haven't that much money,' wailed the defendant.

"'Make it twenty-five, then,' declared the judge.

"'I haven't even that amount,' faltered the peddler.

"'How much have you got?' demanded his honor.

"'Just thirteen dollars and fifty cents,' replied the defendant.

"'The prisoner is ordered to pay a fine of $13.50,' exclaimed the judge, 'and his chickens are confiscated to the court.'

"That night a penniless peddler went sobbing out of the village and an unworthy judge regaled himself and his friends on the appropriated fowl. I am glad to all that a higher sense of justice now prevails in Idaho."

Convincing.

In England an officer was court-martialed for being drunk. His servant, who was an Irishman, was asked by the court whether his master was sober on the night when he was staed to have been drunk.

"Yes, sir," the servant replied, "he was quite sober."

"How do you know he was sober?"

"Because he asked me to call him early."

This was a convincing answer. But one of the officers of the court-martial, remembering that there was no early parade on the following morning, asked the servant what reason his master gave for wishing to be called early. Without a moment's hesitation the servant replied:

"He said he was the Queen of the May, sir."

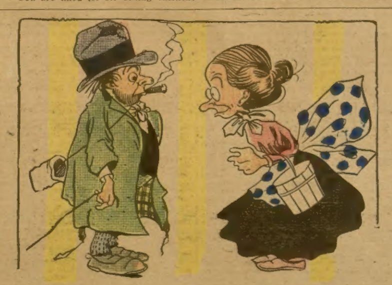
"That, of course, concluded the case.

Snubbed.

"You remember Bingley, who bought a house on each side of his own dwellings, so he could choose his own neighbors?"

"Yes; what of him?"

"Well, he fitted up those houses elegantly, and rented them to first-class tenants, and they wont associate with him at all, because he's merely a landlord."



"Are you looking for work?"
"Looking! I should say so! In dees troublous times a feller has to keep his eyes peeled fer work or he'll run right into it."

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A WASHING MACHINE FREE
To introduce our Automatic Washers, which we guarantee to do a Family Washing in 30 Minutes, without Labor or Attention, and to wash the wristbands and collars of the dirtiest shirt perfectly clean without the use of a washboard. Impossible to injure the most delicate fabrics. We will furnish a free sample to those who will act as our Agent and help introduce our Washers during their spare time. Write today for particulars and Sample. Automatic Washer Co., Dept. 113, Chicago, Ill.
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MEN OR WOMEN ON SALARY $20 A WEEK and expenses To introduce King Butter Separators. Makes Creamery Butter from sweet milk or cream in two minutes. Willard Mfg. Co. Dept. 126 Sta. U, Chicago
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$24 A WEEK Paid men with rig to introduce Poultry Food. Send Stamp. ACME MFG. CO., Kansas City, Mo
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WORK $60 a month can be earned distributing samples, etc. No goods to sell. Enclose stamp. Amer. Adv. Assn., Amer. Tract Bldg., New York
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LADIES Something New Making Sofa Pillows at Home. $7 to $12 weekly; materials furnished; no canvassing; steady work. Send stamped addressed envelope. Household Mfg. Co., Erie street, Chicago
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$20 WEEKLY straight salary and expenses to men with rigs to advertise and introduce Poultry Compound. Send stamp. Royal Co-Op. Mfg. Co., Dept. 125, Indianapolis, Ind.
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LOCAL AGENTS wanted in every section to sell my New Crop Seeds. New plan. Quick sales. Big profits. Splendid outfit. Write to-day. FRANK H. BATTLES, Seed Grower, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
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FREE WE GIVE AWAY FREE this Genuine 14k Rolled Gold Ring to anyone who will sell 18 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $1.80 and we send you Ring, Watch or any other article you may select from our large Illus. Premium List sent with jewelry. We trust you and take back all you can not sell. We give the best Premiums offered by any firm. Write for catalogue of over 300 Premiums. C. E. TEEL, HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.
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$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $1 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 552, Detroit, Mich.
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ENERGETIC AGENTS OR MERCHANTS MAKE $100 WEEKLY selling our American Arc Pressure Gas Lamps. 100 Candle Power. Beat electric arc light. Cheaper than kerosene. Latest improvements. Simple and absolutely safe. Fully guaranteed. RETAIL $13. Sample Lamp Half Price. Also 50 styles of improved high-grade Gravity Lamps. Positively lowest prices for Fall trade. Exclusive territory. Write for catalogue. AMERICAN LIGHTING CO., Dept. B.F., 112 Michigan St., Chicago, Ill.
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1900 & '01 Models, high grade, $7 to $11
500 Second-hand Wheels all makes and models, good as new, $3 to $8. Great Factory Clearing Sale at half factory cost.
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a poor appearance may now be banished, for it is within the means of every lady, young or middle aged to have the clearest and most refined complexion so dear to a woman's heart.

Fannie B. Ralston, 628 Lexington Ave., Newport, Ky., says: "When I began using Mme. Ribault's complexion beautifiers I did not think it possible to clear my skin, my face was in a horrible condition literally covered with red spots, pimples, blackheads, moth patches and freckles. I suffered a thousand deaths, and when I sent for a trial of Mme. Ribault's beautifiers I improved to wonderfully that my friends did not recognize me, so quickly had the change taken place. My skin is now perfectly lovely, and there is not a blemish or wrinkle anywhere."

It is not a face powder, cream, cosmetic or bleach, contains no oil, grease, paste, chemicals, or poisons of any kind and is absolutely pure.

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UNDER A FOREIGN FLAG.

Love and War in South America---Strange Adventures of a Dispatch Bearer---A Startling Sequel.

By J. HOWARD BAUMAN.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"No, not yet," replied Miguel, "for if we were to settle him now he would not know the fate of anyone who tries to thwart my plans. Spare him until he recovers; then I promise you some sport."

Five minutes longer the two men watched the fallen American, with cat-like eyes, each one alternately holding a lighted match. Then as he made a move to regain his feet, the two men grasped him by either arm, forcing him to walk around to the front of the house.

As soon as the trio had disappeared around the first corner, Estelle rounded her corner, walking cautiously. When on the spot where Jack had fallen her foot came in contact with something. She stooped to pick it up. Although the night was dark, by the white stars and bars, each bordered by a dark color, the girl readily recognized the article she held in her hands. It was Old Glory, a silken emblem of the land of her brave rescuer. She knew by the touch that it was silk. Putting this in the bosom of her dress, she continued walk in the course the men had taken.

When she had gained the next corner, she stopped to peep around it. She caught a glimpse of the last of the three as he entered the doorway.

The next second angry curses filled the air. Estelle knew that they had found their fallen comrade, as they could not have failed to have done in case he still lay where she had left him—almost directly in front of the door.

"This means that the American dog's lease on life shall be shortened. The women were his friends and he shall suffer for their deeds. Here, Alphonse, bind him up against that wall and we will begin our pistol practice at once."

When Estelle heard these words, uttered as they were in the angry voice of the rascally leader of the reserters, her heart almost ceased to beat. What could she, a lone and defenseless girl, do to thwart the plans of the evil twain?

She saw, with a sense of joy, that the door had been left open. Making a circle of the radius of light emitted from the open doorway, Estelle was in a position to see what was going on within, herself being unseen.

She saw Lasco and his companion push Jack rudely against the wall. She then saw the leader take a rope from his pocket and fasten it about the prisoner's hands and then to the apparently solid wall.

The girl could discern the fiendish leer upon the faces of the men as they jested upon the impending fate of their hapless victim.

Five minutes elapsed and still Lasco had not given the order to begin what he had called "pistol practice."

Jack spent most of this interval in silent prayer. He asked God to have mercy on his soul. As the time passed he found himself wondering where the servant, Don, and little Pedro were. Oh, if they would only come before it was too late. On these two men were staked his hopes of life. At first he did not miss the presence of the women he had come to rescue. He quickly concluded that they had been removed to another room. He wondered if Don had failed to find Pedro. Then his mind wandered back to things spiritual.

Now came the heartless words from the leader of the deserters:

"Alphonse, suppose you pin a white patch over his heart. It will make a better mark."

With a gruff laugh the man tore a circular bit of paper and pinned it over the American's beating heart.

"Now, then, Alphonse, practice the art of sighting your weapon, but do not shoot until I give the order."

Two ugly weapons were pointed at the bit of paper, but neither one emitted fire nor lead. A dozen times the weapons were raised and then lowered. Each time the prisoner closed his eyes, expecting that moment to be his last on earth.

Again the voice of Lasco fairly ground upon the air: "Now, Alphonse, as soon as I say ten, fire. Ten dollars to you if there there are two bullet holes in that bit of paper after our pistols bark. Ready, now! One!"

Estelle heard every word poken by the villain within; she heard him count one; she tottered and was about to swoon.

"Two," rang loud and clear upon the night air. With a mighty effort the girl on the outside controlled herself. Just then her eyes rested upon the ground. What was that glistening in the light not more than two feet from the doorway?

"Three!"

The girl veered to one side, and risking the possibility of being seen just long enough to grasp the glittering object she now saw to be a revolver. She recognized it in an instant as one she seen in the possession of Jack Burns.

"Four!" counted the voice of Lasco.

Estelle held the weapon up to the light. Almost protruding from the front end of the cylinder she saw the points of four bullets; the fifth was pointed through the barrel.

"Five!" came the next count.

The American breathed another sentence to his God. Estelle hastened to her former position just beyond the radius of light.

"Six!" she heard as she again looked into the door. She saw that Jack's head was bowed.

"Seven!"

Now the American raised his head to face death as a man.

"Eight! "

A sharp click, which Estelle feared had betrayed her presence on the outside. It was caused by the cocking of the hammer of the weapon she had found just in the nick of time.

"Nine!"

Then another voice sounded upon the celar night air. It was the voice of Estelle Lopaz as she cried, "Miguel Lasco, hear me! You are covered by the muzzle of a faithful weapon. Say ten and I fire!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ARRIVAL OF DON AND PEDRO.

What a magical effect those words spoken by an unseen woman had upon the men within the house. The hands holding the weapons were instantly dropped to the sides of the two. They gazed out into the darkness but could see no person.

The face of Miguel Lasco assumed a deathly pallor, while his limbs trembled beneath him. He thought that either ghost or spirit had spoken. Hope again filled the breast of the man who had stood on the threshold of death. He, too, gazed beyond the door into the darkness, but, unlike his captors, he recognized the voice of the speaker, strained as it was.

Again the voice from without broke the stillness of the night:

"Miguel Lasco, release that man!"

"If you are not a coward, come forth that we may see who speaks," returned the villainous leader, having come to the conclusion that the speaker was of the earthly habitation.

"Release the prisoner, or I will fire!" was the only reply from the darkness.

Estelle noticed that Lasco stood in a direct line between herself and the American. Should she fire and miss the rebel, the bullet might find lodgment in the body of the man she was so anxious to saye.

To obviate this danger she moved a little to one snde. This act on her part probably saved her own life, for without a seconds warning Miguel Lasco raised his weapon and fired three shots point blank at the spot from whence the voice had issued; then he moved quickly to one side to escape a return fire should the person without escape injury.

This move on his part proved to be as foolish as Estelle's had been wise, for it placed him in full view of the very person he thought to escape. She reasoned that he had tried to kill her, so why shouldn't she return the shots?

Quick as thought, she raised the weapon she held in her hand and fired three successive shots at the villainous leader. The advantage was on her side, and at least one of the shots had found its target. With loud curses the man reeled and fell to the floor.

"Coward!" he cried. "No one but a coward would shoot from the darkness!"

Then he sank to the floor where he lay like one devoid of life. Estelle's conscience smote her as the thought that she had taken a human life occured to her. But the man was not yet dead, for after a minute of deathly stillness, he raised his head, with features drawn, and loudly cried: "Boys, if I die, do not rest until my death has been avenged! This is the work of some friend of that American; do not allow them to rescue him from you. You owe it to me that you kill him. If I die, shoot him before my body is cold; but if I live, I shall have my own revenge by torturing him to death. You understand me, if I die, kill him; but if I live, save him for me!"

Then the man fell back upon the floor and lay perfectly still again.

The man whom Estelle had struck down with the club began to show signs of returning consciousness, and before five minutes had passed he was upon his feet.

Just then a faint sound reached the ears of the girl. It grew momentarily louder.

"Somebody's coming!" she breathed to herself.

As the moments flitted by the sound grew louder. It was the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the stony road. The men within the house made no move to restore their fallen leader, nor even to ascertain if he was dead or alive. Evidently they were too badly frightened to think of anybody besides themselves.

Finally one of them made a circle of the room, reached the door and closed it. Estelle, having her view of the interior of the house shut off, turned her full attention to the approaching horsemen. She was near the roadside as they came in sight.

Are they friends or foes? For a second her thoughts reverted to the American, bound helpless within the house, and who might even now be meeting his death at the hands of the evil men. She quickly decided to hail them and take the chances of their being rebels. Besides, being rebels was no reason that they were friends of the deserters.

Before Estelle uttered a word, the horsemen, two in number, drew in their steeds beside the wagon which still stood where the rebels had left it.

One of the men dismounted. Surely that form was familiar to the girl's eyes. She stepped from behind the wagon, going fearlessly up to the men.

"Senorita Estelle!" cried the man, joyfully.

"Don! Can it be possible that it is you?"

"Of course it is me; a;nd here is Pedro,

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the friend of the American. But where is he?"

"In the power of those evil men," replied Estelle.

"Then he must be rescued at once!" cried Pedro, excitedly, as he slid from the back of the horse he had ridden.

Estelle Lopaz hastily recounted the events of the evening. While she was very modest in taking credit for the part she had enacted, both Don and Pedro congratulated her on her bravery.

The trio of rescuers realized that a difficult task lay before them ere Jack Burns would be freed from the power of the unscrupulous villains.

Estelle had no way of knowing how badly the leader of the gang was hurt. He might even now be dead; or on the other hand, if he had recovered to any extent, in him the friends of the American would have a far more desperate foe than in the two others combined. In either case death must be again staring the American in the face. This the girl knew, for she had heard the last words of Lasco just before he fell back upon the floor the second time, and she believed the remaining members of the gang would obey his instructions to the letter.

"Can we get a peep into the house?" asked Pedro of the girl.

"Senor Jack must have been looking through some opening when he fell. We might be able to find it if we looked near that spot," replied Estelle.

"Then lead us there at once," said Pedro, excitedly.

The two pieces of broken timber marked the spot where Jack Burns had fallen. Pedro comenced a search of the wall in that immediate vicinity. He had not thought to look above his head for some opening in the wall.

Suddenly the thought struck him that if Jack had fallen while viewing the inside of the house it must have been from a considerable height to hurt him as badly as he had been injured. Then he searched higher up the wall for the opening of some shape or form which he felt confident existed.

It was not long before he saw the faint rays penetrating the darkness as the light escaped through an opening, not more than a small knot-hole.

"Can you mount my shoulder?" asked Don, as Pedro pointed out his discovery.

For an answer the little Columbian took the servant by the arm and placed him in the proper position, directly below the hole in the side of the old structure.

Like an expert acrobat the little native stepped from Don's hands to his shoulders. He could now look into the room with ease. Lasco was still lying on the floor, while the other two men were working over him in an effort to revive him. It was but a moment before Pedro saw that he was unconscious, for the two men raised him to a sitting posture in which he remained without the aid of the others.

"Brace up, Cap," said the member of the gang who as yet remained uninjured, as he applied water to the head of the wounded leader. "You will live to have your revenge, I guess."

"What do you mean?" asked Miguel, still dazed from the effect of the bullet.

"Have you forgotten the American so soon? Didn't some friend of his try to kill you? See, there he stands, bound to the wall."

The wounded man turned his head in the direction indicated. A faint smile passed over his evil countenance as his eyes rested upon the helpless man. The sight of him seemed to give the rebel new strength. He sprang to his feet as though unhurt, and snatching a revolver from the belt of the other man whom Estelle had dealt out justice to, pointed it at the head of Jack.

Had the man pulled the trigger at once, as impulse indicated, the American would most certainly have lost his life, but Miguel Lasco could not resist the fiendish desire to torture his prisoner.

After numerous attempts to force the American to speak, he raised the pistol, and for the second time glanced along the shining barrel.

Whether or not it had been the man's intention to fire at that juncture would be impossible to say. However, the little Columbian, who still stood on the shoulders of Don, thought it the better plan not to wait to see if he intended to fire, but taking it for granted that such was the case, he aimed his own weapon through the small opening in the wall and pulled the trigger.

When the smoke had cleared away, Pedro beheld the hand of the leader hanging limp and helpless at his side. He was too angry even to swear at that moment. The other two comrades in villainty were crouched in one corner, probably speculating as to where the next bullet would come from. They had no desire to fight an unseen enemy.

Now was the time to make a decided move. Springing lightly to the ground, Pedro told the others to follow him as he dashed around the corner to the front of the building.

A large rock lay at the side of the door. This the two men raised from the ground, and with all their combined strength hurled it against the door. With a loud bang it fell in. Pedro, in advance of Estelle and Don, rushed into the house.

Evidently the rebels thought they were being attacked by a whole army, for they dropped on their knees, begging for mercy.

Pedro and Don each took charge of a man while Estelle cut the bonds which had held the prisoner so securely.

As the several ropes fell to the ground, regardless of those present Jack threw his arms about Estelle and pressed a kiss upon her fair brow.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION.

After the three men had been securely bound, an examination proved that the men were not seriously wounded.

Fearing that something had befallen her daughter, Senora Lopaz came back to the house and was overjoyed at the success that had attended her efforts.

The rebels were not let off so easily this time as they had been upon the former occasion. They were guarded until morning, when they were forced to climb into their own wagon, and the party set out for the capital. They arrived there in due time without any molestation on the part of the rebels.

They soon learned that an armistice had been arranged between the rebels and federals. Major Lopaz had been granted a leave of absence, and was about to start in search of his loved ones when the party arrived.

What a joyful meeting was that which took place between the father, wife, and daughter. Jack and Pedro were declared heroes of the hour, and Don came in for his share of praise from the Major.

Major Lopaz insisted on Jack and Pedro remaining in Panama. Jack was not the least reluctant at accepting the invitation, for would it not give him the opportunity of being with Estelle the most of the time?

When the rebellion was finally declared at an end, the American and his little company were accorded another invitation. It was to accompany the Major and his family to their country home, which invitation was also accepted.

It was the evening after their arrival at the country home that Jack Burns found himself alone with Estelle. They were standing behind the very clump of bushes from which he had pulled the frightened servant.

Jack had just told his companion how badly scared the faithful fellow had been, as well as to describe the ludicrous spectacle he had then presented. Then they walked along the path over which the strips of white linen still hung suspended.

"And to think that you were rude enough to destroy one of mamma's best spreads," said the girl, with a silvery laugh.

"But that spread did far more valuable service in that form than ever as a bed cover. I wonder where I would have been now had it not guided our friends to us."

Estelle shuddered, but she did not speak, she was too deeply wrapped in thought. A few moments of this silence ensued. It was broken by Jack.

"Senorita Estelle," said he, "I shall always remember with pleasure the mission I undertook for your president."

"Senor, I should think you would remember it with horror, or rather what your mission for Senor Sanclemento led you into; for it is not pleasant to face death."

"The unpleasant experiences are counterbalanced by the knowledge that I have been of service to you," returned Jack.

"Senor," said Estelle, abruptly, "I like your American way of speaking better than that of my country; call me by my christian name in the future."

"Call you Estelle?"

"Yes."

"And you will call me Jack?"

"If you wish it."

"Then, Estelle, do you know that such a request as the one you just made makes me bold? I have a mind to ask your permission to call you something else."

"If possible, your request would be granted."

"But how am I to know if it would be possible?" asked Jack, with a smile.

"Why, make the request, of course," replied Estelle, with a gay laugh, which thrilled the American's whole being.

"I'll do it, Estelle," he cried, joyfully. "I request the permission to call you—my wife."

The Columbian girl gave a sudden start and grasped the strong arm of the Texas as if for support. Surely she anticipated some such words, but perhaps their abruptness had been a little too much for her immediate comprehension.

Jack waited to give her a chance to speak.

"Why, why do you ask that?" she stammered, evidently for the lack of knowledge what to say.

"What a foolish question. As if I didn't ask that precious privilege because I love you," returned the American.

"But surely, there is another in your own country you care more for than you do for me," doubtfully.

"Estelle, my darling, you are the only woman I love; tell me that you care a little for me in return for the heart I give you."

"Care a little? You must know that I care more than a little. Jack, my brave American hero, my heart is all yours."

Until this moment Jack had refrained from clasping the fair girl in his arms, but at these last words human nature got the better of him and he clasped her to his beating breast.

"And you will be my own little wife?" he whispered.

"Yes, Jack," softly.

What right have I to betray what took place between those strangely mated lovers during the next hour? If you have ever been engaged – whether married or not—no doubt, you already know; and if you haven't—well, if you haven't, just wait until you have been, and you can guess.

Major Lopaz gave his full consent to his daughter becoming the wife of the brave American. He showed his appreciation of his future son-in-in-law's deeds of valor by insisting on him becoming his partner in the development of his gold field claim.

Jack has not yet agreed to take advantage of the generous offer, stating that he wished to conclude his South American trip as quickly as possible and return north, but then Estelle desires to remain in the land of her natvity a little longer, and methinks he will yield to her entreaties.

Pedro is jubilant at the thought that the American he has learned to love as a brother will take unto himself a wife of his beloved Columbia, and insist that he will be Jack's companion until he is literally driven from him. He is even determined to accompany the bride and groom north when they go.

In appreciation of their services, the Columbian government, through Governor Serrano, presented both Jack and Pedro with a sum of gold. But above all else the American values most highly the gift the brave Columbian girl bestowed upon him—her priceless love.

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(The end.)

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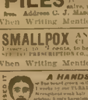

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CHAPTER XXIV.
WORKING AND PLANNING.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Zeke blankly. "You didn't know that, Mr. Pride."

"Well, I told you of it, anyway," retorted the old man laughing good naturedly.

"I see," said Barry. "How did ye know it?"

"I must say that some of your goings and comings excited my suspicions," replied Duty Pride. "There is a lot of your people dodging round here all the time. You were living at my house and in a way I was answerable for you, so I kept an eye on you. I stood just in the shadow of the upper mound, watching you as you drove off. I went into the mound by the way I had seen Barry come out of it and discovered that the image was gone. Then I began to understand what you were up to. I couldn't even guess how you had got that heavy thing out of there and into the wagon until I found some of the metal sawdust covered up in the dirt at the bottom of the mound's interior. I gathered up some of that and took it up to Dalton to a goldsmith and he tested it and said that it was very soft and very pure gold. Then a great light broke upon me. I had been in the mound once, ten years ago, and had seen the seven skeletons (the debris of which I saw this time) and the big metal giant, and I had never suspected the latter was gold, for there is no gold in the ground here and I cannot understand now where those ancient men got so much of it. Now I am curious to know if the giant's shining eyes were anything more precious than [illegible]

"We have the eyes in safe keepin' but hain't [illegible] 'em yet," answered Barry with quick [illegible]tion, for, as has been seen, he was naturally more secretive than Zeke and feared that the latter might make such a disclosure concerning the eyes as would be unwise at that [illegible] of the business. "Say, Mr. Pride, did y[illegible] anything of Fox round the mound that n[illegible]

"N[illegible]

Barry and Zeke exchanged meaning g[illegible]nces.

"How did ye git in the mound when [illegible] was in it ten years ago?" asked Zeke curiously.

"Through an underground passage to the river bank," explained Pride. "Once I think it was a sluice-way for the discharge of surplus oil when the two reservoirs were full."

"But we saw no such opening into the mound," said Zeke incredulously.

"No, the subterranean sluice-way I have mentioned opens directly into the third mound. The three mounds are connected by a good-sized passageway, the entrance to which from the first mound is cunningly concealed. In the two other mounds there is nothing whatever. It is a part of my theory that the primary object of the excavations was to work the oil well that once delivered its product through the first mound; that the earth-mounds were built where they are precisely as buildings of wood or stone or brick might have been erected over such works at a later day; and that the burial there of the seven men and the placing there of the metal figure were done afterwards, at a time when, perhaps, the oil well had ceased to produce, possibly by men of another race than those who worked the oil well. I want to investigate there a little further. Three times I have gone there about eleven at night and have been driven out by threatened explosions down in the earth."

"Them rippin' wrenchin' blowin' thunderin' noises we heard, Barry," suggested Zeke.

"An' at about the some time o' night," said the boy. "That must mean somethin', I take it."

"It means," said Duty Pride, "that when that oil well flows again it will begin to flow intermittently, a part of a day at a time. It may later develop into a continuous producer or it may not. I judge you did not know of the underground passage and just accidentally broke through the top of the mound. Am I right?"

Barry described his first involuntary visit to the interior of the mound and failed miserably in an attempt to give Mr. Pride an idea of his sensations when first he was aware that he was in the company of those grim watchers in the mound and later, when he beheld the skeletons resolve themselves into seven small, shapeless heaps of dust.

"Who owns this land where the mounds an' reservoirs an' old oil river bed are?" asked Zeke.

"It is owned by five different persons. I know enough about it to be certain that it can be leased and controlled on a fair basis with the expenditure of some ready money. The only difficulty we have to contend with is concerning a part of the lower reservoir. Rice's daughter Hannah claims to own that, but does not, and will make trouble if she can. Rice has already feared a little burg would start up on the river here and he don't want any industry started that 'll bring strangers into the valley."

"But if we had the legal rights, what could she do?" asked Barry

She's got a bad gang at her command—men that would stop at nothing to carry out her wishes."

"Oh, I guess we can manage a few plain horsethieves," said Zeke with some assurance. "We'll just go at this thing legal an' let the law take care o' us an' of them too. The hoss committy may gather 'em in before they git in our way. Besides, when she sees the oil a flowin' she'll want some o' the proceeds."

"If you would keep her in ignorance of your plans till them you could probably deal with her, but you can't. The trouble will come at the beginning, when they wouldn't believe in your project, and its my opinion you'll have to pay as much as Rice will be willing to retire on or take chances with Hannah

"We'll get permission legally," Zeke's chin protruded determinedly, "an' we'll leave it to her to get us off the property. Now let's go back to the house an' make some sort of agreement that'll be satisfactory all around an' then we'll git right down to work an' collar the land afore Dick Fox gits up an' puts in his oar."

"There comes the doctor now," said Pride. "I'll just find out how Fox is getting on." He accosted the physician, an old, bent man with a bewhiskered face that was thin and shrewd, who rode a white mare on which a blue blanket and leathern saddle-bags were conspicuous, and the doctor informed him in a loud and rasping voice that he had just come from Rice's and Dick Fox was "a mighty sick man" and was in great luck to have his services instead of those of "the scrub doctor from Dalton

All that afternoon and late into the night, the prospectors and the farmer talked and planned. Early next morning Zeke and Pride rode away to effect leases on the land and left Barry to keep an eye on things nearer the scene of their proposed operations. Pride came back late on the night of the following day and Zeke twenty-four hours later. They had the leases.

Barry informed them that nothing noteworthy had happened, but he had waylaid the doctor and had learned that Dick Fox's condition was still critical, but that the doctor had "a good grip on the case" and believed he was "going to pull Fox through," though it was going to be "something of the nature of a mir[illegible]

Well," said Zeke dryly, "I reckon Dick Fox is goin' to git well an' the doctor's goin' to plume himself on defeatin' the purpose o' Providence. Now we've got everythin' to do a very extensive oil business with except just the oil. Now, Mr. Pride, you're the engineer o' this enterprise an' its your turn next.'

"I guess we'll have to tap that oil well soon," said Duty Pride, "but as engineer I know that something else in my department must be done first, and my operations are likely to arouse the opposition of my neighbor Rice's daughter Hannah.'

CHAPTER XXV
HOW THE OIL CAME.

"What must be done now before we go for the oil?" asked Zeke Stebbins.

"I've got to put that underground sluiceway in order," explained Duty Pride. "We don't want to bring anything to public view, if we can help it, until we know we really have oil and are able to estimate the quantity in which it is to come. I believe that we will get a good deal of water before we get much oil and the first flow, to test the well, may better go to the river through the water way than into the receiving reservoir and down the conduit to the storage reservoir. Thus we can perfect our plans with little danger of discovery. Besides, if we are to have oil in large quantities, we must provide some means for its transportation down the river. A good deal will inevitably go to waste before we are prepared to take care of it all. We'll have to have many hundred iron tanks on barges and tug boats to tow strings of empty barges up the river. Now, my friends, as you have plenty of money to go on with, there is no reason why we should delay and we should look ahead and plan for everything.'

The three worked in the mounds and in the passage connecting them and in the waste way to the river for many days and nights, scarcely stopping to eat and sleeping only when overcome by exhaustion, and at length had completed gates which they could open or close at will which would let the oil into the sluiceway or confine it in the second and third mounds, which they found to be lined with cement. The discovered, as they worked, that the oil had never flowed into the first mound

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Eb Nickerson's Spook.

(Continued.)

in any considerable volume and concluded that it had been the point from which active operations had been prosecuted. A low derrick was rigged at what Duty Pride believed was the proper place and, one night, after a few hours' much needed rest, the three participated in putting a drill in operation.

Long before this, the oil-seekers had ceased to experience fear because of the terrific noises which began in the earth beneath them at eleven every night and continued for an hour or more before they began to die away in angry intermittent rumbles and groanings and wheezings. Not even the trembling of the earth alarmed them now, for they had become accustomed to it.

The drill, propelled by a little engine which Zeke had smuggled in, churned away ceaselessly for four days before there was any visible result except that it sank deeper and deeper into the earth, though successive rocky formations of varying density and resistance. Then, one morning, the drill dropped into some open space away down below the end or the rope, and with a hissing, crackling sound that warned the drillers to seek safety in the first mound, a round, whirring column of water came up round the rope and smote the dome of the second mound in which the drill was located.

The water, beaten back by the dome, fell in shower and spray all about the place and soon began to flow away, through the third mound to the waste-way.

"So far it is well," said Pride.

"I reckon 'tis," said Zeke calculatingly.

"What next?" asked Barry, curiously.

"That depends," replied Pride, "on whether we've got down to oil yet. If we have, all we'll have to do will be to cut the drill loose and let it fall into the hole and let the oil come. If we haven't, we'll have to put the drill down further, no one can guess how far. If I've made no miscalculation, we're done with the drilling."

"What time o' day is it?" asked Barry.

"Half past nine," replied Pride, consulting his watch. "Oil may come at about eleven or it may not. We can only wait as patiently as is possible."

They sat down and waited and watched. The water seemed to come with increased force as the time went by and at a quarter to eleven was bombarding the concrete lined dome of the mound with great and rapidly augmenting force.

At five minutes to eleven the three heard again the sounds that told of some terrible agitation in the bowels of the earth. They were more thunderous and terrible than any sounds that had greeted them before, and they inhaled the pungent odor of crude petroleum and a gas that seemed to have been freed in the mound got into their eyes and made them smart.

Pride went as close as he could to the stream and took an observation. As he rejoined his companions he made some announcement which was drowned by a long series of crashing reverberations as of a hundred simultaneous thunder-claps.

"What did you say?" yelled Barry as soon as the awful noise subsided somewhat.

Zeke leaned toward Pride to catch his words when he should repeat them.

"I said the water is getting almost black. There is certainly oil coming with it," cried Pride, exultantly.

"Then we may hope for success," commented Barry.

Pride made some reply, and as he spoke there was a prodigious commotion down in the ground that seemed to make everything about them tremble.

"What did you say?" screamed Zeke in a voice that made them all laugh, for instantly the noise had been stilled and he was speaking ten times as loudly as was necessary.

"I believe success is already within our grasp," answered Pride, "that is if this wrenching of the earth does not destroy the cement lining of these mounds."

"If that had been possible," replied Barry, "they would have been destroyed long ago. I reckon there's been plenty of time for that since the cement was put on, an' I s'pose the earth's had a lot o' those cussin' spells down there in the last few thousan' years more or less."

"I think the boy argues well," said Pride. "Surely that concrete must possess some peculiar quality. No such concrete as is made in our day would stand such a strain without cracking. Heavens!" cried he as he touched the cement beside him where it had been washed clean by the oil and water. "That surface is elastic, almost like rubber, and—" he dug at it with a chisel—"it can't be cut. Those ancients certainly were wonderful people."

Again he went near to the stream of oil and water.

"It is almost all oil now," he declared. What further he said was swallowed up in a hideous din, like the booming of a thousand mortars Other frightful outbreaks succeeded that one and at length the convulsions of the earth ceased and the talking of the oil-seekers and the ripping noise made by the rushing stream were the only sounds in the mounds. About eleven o'clock that night oil ceased to flow and water alone came up from below.

Every day thereafter the oil came at the same time and gave place to water after flowing the same number of hours. As nearly as Pride could judge it came in greater volumn each successive day.

Barry was sent to Cincinnati and Pittsburg to order barges and iron-tanks and to arrange for the service of several tugs with their navigators.

Meanwhile Zeke and Pride made ready to construct all necessary facilities at the big storage reservoir by the river side for the shipment of crude petroleum. A number of workmen came up from "down-the river-way" and, camping on the ground, within the basin, began operations under Zeke's superintendency, following plans made by Pride, who kept up his vigil at the mounds.

Next morning Rice's daughter Hannah, whom Rice had recommended to Zeke as a most estimable "widder woman," rode down to the scene of activity on a stolen horse, claimed this land, declared Zeke and his men trespassers and ordered them away.

"Damn you!" she exclaimed energetically, "you go, or this means war!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

After the visit of Rice's daughter Hannah to the storage reservoir, Zeke joined Duty Pride in the mound, and after they had had a hurried, but thoughtful consultation, the latter advised:

"Go back there, keep the men at work and see what she will do. I fear serious trouble with the horsethieves, but all of it may, probably amount to nothing."

Stebbins acted upon this counsel, and that night Rice's daughter Hannah came down to the camp at the head of about a dozen mounted horsethieves and made so determined an attack on the workmen that they abandoned their camp and sought safety in flight.

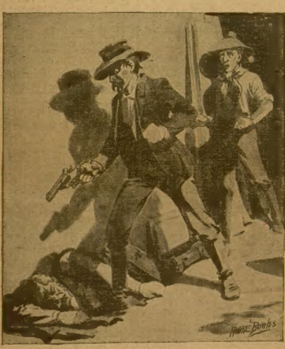
Zeke, riding old Sport, made his way, by a round about course to the mound and reported the defeat of his party to Pride.

"Take a look down there in the morning," said the old engineer. "If the horsethieves have vacated the camp, move your men in again. Perhaps we can tire them out. I doubt it, but possibly we can do it and we should lose no chance and no time."

When Zeke next visited the mound he reported that the horsethieves had not evacuated the camp and that their own workmen were staying with some farmers, across the river, waiting at his request, for the trouble to blow over.

"Those rascals are drunk every night when they're not off on a raid," said Pride. "They will be drunk tonight. You can get your men down behind the bank, out of sight and hearing from where the horsethieves are, and go on with the work, which, so far is the noiseless work of moving sandy soil in which there are no stones."

For three nights the horsethieves fought each



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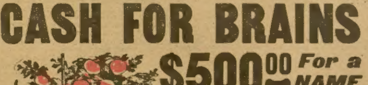

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Eb Nickerson's Spook.

(Continued.)

other and held high carnival in the captured camp and Zeke and his men worked like beavers within a few hundred feet of them. By that time, the workmen had uncovered certain old outlets from the reservoir to the river and had fitted to them heavy wooden doors, which they had made at a distance and brought to the place, which could be opened or closed easily whenever necessary.

"That's all we want" said Pride. "We can now clear the reservoirs and the conduit by turning on the stream of oil and water. That ought to dislodge the horsethieves. Leave those outlets closed."

"That'll make it lively for 'em," replied, "I with Barry was here to see the fun."

"We may have desperate trouble yet, and if so it may be well for the boy that he is able to make himself useful to our enterprise elsewhere," answered Pride.

"How long will it take, do you think, to fill the upper reservoir an' send a good flowin' of oil an' water down into the lower reservoir?" asked Zeke.

"That's hard to tell, but if the villains hold their ground, they'll hear from us in that way sooner or later. If they do not or are warned and flee from the threatened inundation, it will be all the same to us. We're certain to triumph in the end because we're right and they're wrong, because we're doing the work of progress and civilization and they're criminal obstructionists. All we need to do is to be wary. We don't want to murder them and we don't want them to shoot us or our men. When they see what they're pitted against, their aggressiveness may wear out or they may, in their drunken madness, fight each other till they've had all the trouble they want. Such men are puzzles. Any sane and honest man can judge about what another sane and honest man will do under given circumstances, because all sane and honest men reason somewhat alike; but such men as these defy all reason and are as apt to bring disaster on themselves as on those whom they plot against. Again I beg you to be patient, but not afraid—persevering but not belligerent—and to wait and watch and work when there is work to do. It will be time enough to give in or to fight our way to victory when either course is necessary. Anyhow, Mr. Stebbins, we're going to have our own way when everything has been said and done."

Next morning Zeke brought word that the force of the horsethieves had augmented greatly during the night and that the outlaws were in a ceaseless orgy of drunkenness. Rice's daughter Hannah was supplying them with liquor and they were constantly getting drunk, sleeping it off and getting drunk again. Dozens of the besotted brutes could be seen at any time, gambling, gouging and biting each other or lying about the camp, in about all conceivable positions, in various stages of intoxication.

"The more their drinking and fighting, the better for us," said Pride. "Now I'll tell you what to do. You just go down there and make another demonstration with your men that will lead the horsethieves to believe you've come back and intend to resume work. You can all slide over the river bank and get away if they fire on you. They will, after that, send to Rice for re-enforcements. That will mean several more of their men drunk and unable to do anything. Then, when you have done that, come here and I will send you to the chief of the horse committee with a sign and a message that will bring enough good, armed men here to make the gang prisoners and get away every stolen animal in Rice's cave. I have closed the waterway to the river and what oil and water flow from the well from now on will pour into the upper reservoir and in time find their way down the conduit to the lower reservoir."

Under Zeke's able direction the ruse planned by Pride was in every way successful. Not one of his men was hurt, and in three or four hours more than twenty horsethieves had joined the party at the camp and all were busy with a fresh supply of whisky, celebrating what they mistakenly believed was their recent victory.

By that time, Stebbins was on his way back over the mountains, by the way he and Barry had come to Fortune Valley, with a message and a token for the chief of the great band of vigilantes popularly known as the horse committee.

All unsuspicious that a dreadful fate was drawing its net about them, the horsethieves continued their drunken orgy, drinking, fighting, playing cards or sleeping.

In the mound, a gray, determined man worked while a black and slimy flood of water and crude petroleum was slowly filling the reservoir outside.

The characters of this interestiny story will appear in further chapters of next week's Ledger. Readers will do well to follow and see what happens them. Cameras and patterns are given free to subscribers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

Life in Washington.

Senator Beveridge of Indiana was walking down the main corridor of the capitol the other day when he was stopped by Mr. Holme, a well-known Chicago attorney. Mr. Holme used to be Senator Mason's law partner, and this circumstance, coupled with the fact that he had known the Hoosier oratorical prodigy since the latter was a boy, made the Chicago man bold enough to greet the statesman.

"Good morning, Senator," said Mr. Holme, grasping one of the appendages which the orator uses in illustrating his speeches and shaking it as vigorously as their old acquaintance warranted. "I have not seen you since you got back from your jaunt. You are looking well and happy. It seems to do you good to travel."

Senator Beveridge hastily disengaged his hand from the attorney's grip and, drawing himself up to his full height, remarked, severely: "I desire to correct the impression that you seem to have regarding my journey to the Philippines. It was a trip made entirely at my own expense. I bought my railroad tickets with my own money. The expenses of my steamboat transportation were borne by myself. I paid every cent of the cost of that jaunt, as you call it, out of my own pocket."

Mr. Holme attempted to explain to him that he did not mean any slur or implied criticism. He tried to show that while he had not used the word "jaunt" after great deliberation, still he had an impression that it was not entirely a term of opprobrium, but often could be seen in the best verbal society. The senator would not listen to any explanations or apology. He waved the Chicago lawyer aside and continued his career down the capitol corridor.

Mr. Holme was nonplused. He stood for a moment trying to decide on what he should do next, and then, turning, he walked in the opposite direction from that taken by Senator Fairbanks' young colleague.

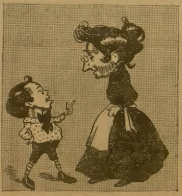
He had not gone more than twenty feet when he was stopped by a hand laid on his shoulder. Turning, he saw Senator Beveridge. The senator's face was that of a man over whom a great light had broken.

"I beg your pardon," he said as the Chicago man looked at him inquiringly. "Do you know when I objected to the word 'jaunt' I had it mixed up with 'junket.'"

High Washington society threatens to become all tangled up because Miss Isabel Hagner has an attack of typhoid fever. Miss Hagner is the social secretary of Mrs. Roosevelt, the wife of the president. In addition to this she is the secretary of Mrs. Root, the wife of the secretary of war, and of Mrs. Charles Emory Smith, the wife of the retiring postmaster-general. It is the intention of Miss Hagner to accept a similar position with the future Mrs. Depew, who is expected to entertain lavishly and continuously when she arrives in Washington next month. As the social manager of four of the most prominent women in Washington Miss Hagner has arranged a long and intricate program of entertainments. She carries most of the details in her head and should she not recover speedily it is said that it will be extremely difficult to pick up the loose ends and weave the social program into a continuous piece.

◆

After the Wedding.



Mamma—How pretty the bride looked as she and Edward stood up together.

Johnnie—Yes; and how nice and clean Uncle Albert was!

◆

United States Lava Sea.

A lava sea of 200,000 square miles in extent and upward of 4,000 feet deep is not usually thought of as forming a part of the United States, yet nearly the whole of Washington, Oregon and a large part of Idaho was once overrun by such a sea of molten rock, the widespread remains of which form most of their surface today.

Into the ancient lava beds the rivers have cut profound canons several thousand feet deep, some of which, notably that of the Snake, rival even the Grand canon of the Colorado, except in brilliancy of rock coloring. Between the rivers on the upland plains the country is a series of rolling plateaus on which the soil is thick and rich. Here is the great wheat-growing country of the northwest, large areas being particularly adapted to agriculture.

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Fish in Deep Water.

Doctor Hart has made the remarkable discovery that away out in the open sea, where it is several thousands of meters in depth, he found fish as it were in layers or ocean strata. Some required a line as long as the monument to reach down to them; others were in still lower depths which would submerge St. Paul's and the monument on top, and with many thousand feet of water below them. There, in these still and dark and hitherto supposed barren regions of the sea, he caught great cod and haddock and coalfish, sometimes in quantities.

The importance of this discovery is that it proves that not only fish breed, but mature fish also exist out in the ocean, and that what have been looked upon as typical "ground fish" and "local" sorts are to be found at other places as well as near the coasts. Not of least significance is the finding of cod in the deep places of the sea, as in this discovery we have the key to solve the mystery as to where the cod abides when he withdraws from the coasts. In the great cod fisheries off the coast of Newfoundland the fishermen find the fish at the commencement of the season in April in the shallow water near the shore and use lines of thirty or forty feet, increasing the depth as they find the fish receding, until they have to fish at over two hundred feet for them in December.

Bees as Messengers.

From Russia comes a suggestion to the effect that honey bees should be tried as military messengers in place of homing pigeons. It is urged that for such purposes they would be preferable to birds in more than one way, inasmuch as they could hardly be intercepted, and it would certainly be out of the question for the most skilful marksman to hit such a carrier. As for their size and small carrying power, a bee could transport a good deal in the shape of documents, if the latter were transferred by micro-photography to a minute piece of paper. This piece of paper might be fastened to the insect's back, and on the arrival of the little messenger at its destination the writing could easily be enlarged. The homing instinct of a bee is as strong as that of a pigeon, and its method of finding its way to a hive is the same as that whereby the bird gets back to its cote from a great distance.

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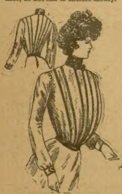
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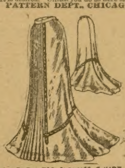
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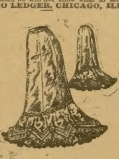
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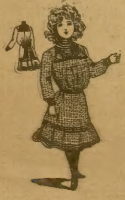
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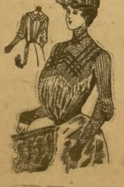
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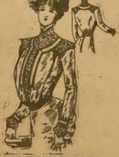
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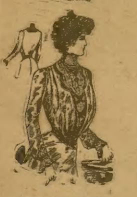
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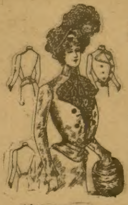
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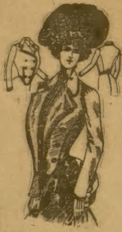
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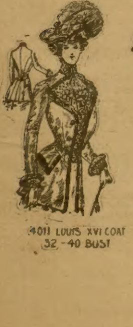
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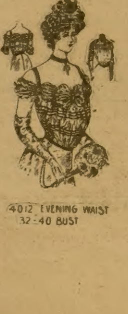
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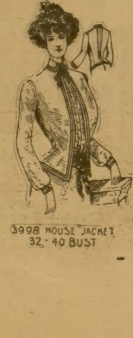
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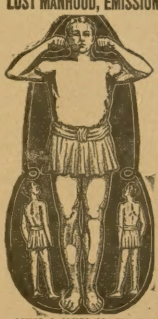

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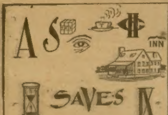

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Boys as Inventors.

The man who built the iron bridge at Sunderland, John Ericsson, was a skilled engineer at the age of 12. He was then in charge of a section of one of the great Swedish canals, and 600 men employed upon it looked to him for direction in their daily work. Young Ericsson was one of the very few infant prodigies who have not been failures when they grew up. At the age of 11 he invented a new form of sawmill.

Of the sawmill he constructed a working model. The saw blade he made of an old watch spring, moved by a crank constructed of a broken teaspoon, and his only tools were a knife, a file and a gimlet. It was this same wonderful inventor who later on drove a big ship across the Atlantic by a hot-air engine—a form of mechanism safe, sure and speedy, and only barred from practical use on the score of expense.

The name Brush is inseparably connected with the Brush electric light, and Charles F. Brush, its inventor, is another genius who showed his inventive powers at an early age. Before he was 14 he had constructed a new form of electric motor, and had also invented an electric apparatus for turning on the gas in street lamps, lighting it and turning it off again. Next year he made a microscope, grinding the lens himself.

It is rather curious that Edison's first invention of any importance was caused by a longing to avoid tedious, monotonous work. When, as a boy of 14, he was night telegraph clerk, it was his duty to report himself every half hour to the head office by telegraphing the word "six." This was to prove that he was not asleep. Edison, however, had no idea of sleeping, but preferred to take a little exercise in the open air at night. So he got over the difficulty by cutting suitable notches on a wheel and attaching this to the works of a cheap clock. This primitive apparatus would transmit the signal automatically twelve times at intervals of half an hour.

Edison's very first invention was at the tender age of 12. He erected a toy telegraph line, but could not manage to purchase materials for a battery. So he caught a big black cat and endeavored to obtain the necessary current by rubbing the fur of the creature's back and using the wretched animal's four feet as terminals.

All lamps up to near the end of the eighteenth century had solid wicks like pieces of cord and no chimneys. It was not until the year 1783 that a flat wick was made. A year later a Swiss chemist named Aime Argand invented a circular form of burner; but though a vast improvement on the rope wick, the light was still flickering and uncertain. One day Argand's small brother wandered into his work room and picked up an empty oil flask, with which he began to play. At last he fitted it over the circular wick, by the light of which his elder brother was working. In a moment the flame burned up white and brilliant, and the secret of the lamp chimney was made clear.

Cast iron cement was a boy's invention, though the name of the boy who invented it is not known. One day William Murdoch, the man who first applied coal gas to illuminating purposes, went into a workshop of Boulton and Watt, in which he was employed, and began to hunt for a tool he wanted in his tool chest. He found everything in confusion and a workman told him he had seen one of the boys at it a few days before. Among other upsets, some sal ammoniac had been spilt on a quantity of iron-filings, and the resulting mixture had bitten into the blade of his saw. This compound was the first cast iron cement.

To another youth of only 15 we owe the piano in its present form. Young Sebastion Erard was its inventor and maker. His master took the instrument to its purchaser and passed himself off as its maker. But when the buyer asked him about the mechanism he was completely puzzled, and had to send for young Erard to explain. Only a year later, at the age of 16, Erard started into business on his own account in Paris, and so popular were his instruments that within a year he had sold $125,000 worth of them.

Blankets Used to Stop Bullets.

In the days of the old muskets the Indians often used wet blankets to stop the flight of bullets. This is hard for boys to believe, yet it is said that the Mexicans were once defeated by this very plan. Their general was trying to put down a rising of the Yaquis. At first he was amused to see the Indians advance under cover of their blankets, held up like shields. Finding that their progress was not stopped by his men's fire, he was at last forced to retreat, but not till the Yaquis, in their turn, had poured into his ranks a terrible fire at close quarters. The Indians, it was thought, had found out by accident that a wet blanket, when held up clear of the ground—allowed to hang, so to speak, as on a clothes line—could not be pierced by a bullet. Dry blankets were useless, and, of course, wet blankets would also be useless against the rifles and bullets of the present day.

Needs No Watch.

A boy who does not own a watch need not go without any knowledge of the time of day. There is a boy who works in a wheat elevator in an Iowa town and this is how he manages it. A big window almost fills one side of his little office. Into a corner of the window creeps the sunlight early in the morning, and it shines in all day long and creeps out of the other corner in the evening. On the floor, where the edge of the shadow from the window sash falls just at noon, the boy has placed a long chalk mark, and a little further away there is another mark for 1 o'clock, and so on up to 6. The forenoon is similarly divided on the floor. Each day, by simply looking at the edge of the sun's light he can tell what time it is. Once in two weeks he changes all these marks, because the shadows change as the sun gets higher in the spring or lower in the fall.

He Won't See Bills.

Visitor—Is your father at home?

Little Daughter—What is your name, please?

Visitor—Just tell him it is his old friend, Bill.

Little Daughter—Then he isn't in. I heard him tell mamma if any bills came he wasn't home.

Tar on His Left.

Teacher—If you face the north, directly behind you will be south, on your right hand will be east, and on your left hand west. Seeing a lack of inattention on the part of Bobby, and wishing to catch him: "What is on your left hand, Bobby?"

Bobby (in deep confusion)—Please, it's some tar, an' it wont come off.

Explained.

Mamma—Willie! What's the baby crying for?

Willie—Oh, he's ungrateful; that's what he is.

Mamma—Ungrateful!

Willie—Yes'h. I jest showed him how to eat his cake, and he don't 'preciate it.

From Her View.

Kindergarten Teacher (trying to point out to children of the crowded districts the beauties of the rainbow)—Children, what have you ever seen in the sky that was all different colors?

Lizzie—The wash, ma'am.

The King's Champion.

That the duties of the office of Keeper of Britain's Honor are not onerous is shown by the fact that they are only performed once in a sovereign's lifetime—during the banquet which immediately follows the coronation ceremony. As an example of how their appearance is viewed by onlookers, we will quote, says a writer in Pearson's Magazine, from the London Times of Friday, July 20, 1821. After describing the scenes of the banqueting hall in which George IV. sat amidst his nobles arrayed in their various robes of state (the crowned king carrying in his right hand the scepter, and in his left the orb), the article continues:

"The first course having been removed, the attention of all present was called to the bottom of the hall by a long and cheerful flourish of trumpets. The great gates were instantly thrown wide open, and the champion made his appearance under the Gothic archway mounted on his charger. Mr. Dymoke was accompanied on his right by the Duke of Wellington, and on the left by the Marquis of Anglesea; but his polished steel armor, his plumes and the trappings of his steed instantly showed the capacity in which he appeared. He was ushered within the limits of the hall by two trumpeters, with the arms of the champion on their banners, by the sergeant-trumpeter, and by two sergeants-at-arms with maces. An esquire in half-armor was on each side, the one bearing his lance, and the other his shield and target; the three horsemen were followed by grooms and pages. The first challenge was given at the entrance of the hall by the herald attending the champion.

"After pausing for a few seconds the champion drew off his gauntlet and threw it upon the floor with a very manly and chivalrous air. As no one appeared to accept the challenge the herald took up the glove and returned it to the champion. The cavalcade then advanced half-way up the hall, when it again halted, and the trumpets having again sounded, the challenge was read as before, the gauntlet thrown down, and restored to the challenger. At the foot of the throne the ceremony was a third time repeated. We should here remark that shouts of applause and vociferations of 'Long Live the King' followed each restoration of the gauntlet to the champion. His charger was considerably alarmed by the noise, but he seemed to have complete command over him and restrained his actions within limits suited to the narrow space in which he could be permitted to move. The backing out of the champion and the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Anglesea was not very well managed, partly owing to the pressure of the crowd on the floor, which narrowed the avenue of the throne."

It is interesting to note, with reference to the backing out, that as the actors of the spectacle must keep their faces turned toward their sovereign, their horses have to undergo a course of training for the event.

Not a Common Farmer.

"What, my daughter marry you, a common clod of a farmer? Young man, you must be crazy!" remarked the choleric old gentleman with the Mark Hanna build.

We looked to see the young man in the overalls wither up and disappear, but instead he smiled faintly, even haughtily, and, jingling a bunch of loose change in his pocket, pensively remarked:

"Mr. Vanderfeller, I planted twenty acres to potatoes last spring, and the crop was a success."

"What!" cried the old man, surprise and remorse in his tones, "twenty acres of potatoes? And I called you a farmer? You're an agriculturist, sir, and I'm proud to have you as a son-in-law."

Getting at the Facts.

"You say," said the judge to a witness, "that the plaintiff in this case resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence."

"That's what I said, your honor," replied the witness.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the judge.

"My exact meaning, your honor," replied the witness, "is that he lied."

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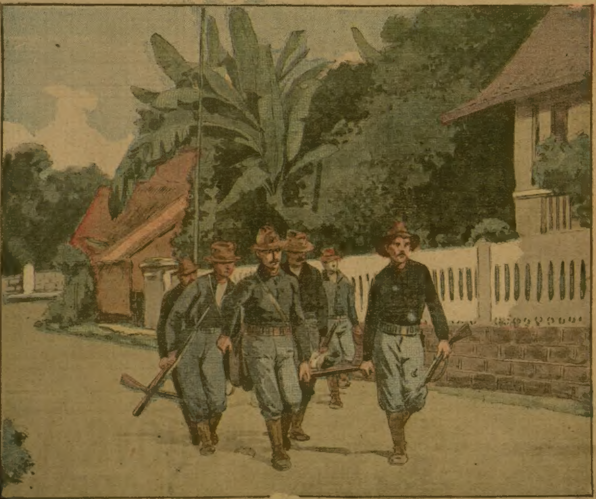

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